

NEW, BRIGHT, AND EASY PRIZE CONTEST.

(See Inside.)

Have you seen the
FEBRUARY
PEARSON'S?
PRICE 8d.
if not, get one at once, and you will be delighted.

PEARSON'S

£1,000
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY.

TINY PURPLE EGGS will cure the worst attack of RHEUMATISM you ever suffered. Trial Box free from RHEUMATOID Co., (J Department) 61 High Rd LEE London, S.E.

No. 760.]

POSTAGE, ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WORKING PEOPLE AND

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa



Workpeople leaving Woolwich Arsenal. Specially Photographed and Designed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Ltd.

Thousands of Working Men and Women
USE

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

DAILY.

There is no Cocoa Like Vi-Cocoa

Mr. W. Parker, 90 Morley Avenue, Wood Green, London, writes:—

"As the nature of my employment necessitates going without meals for long periods, I found that a cup of Vi-Cocoa fortified me from any feeling of faintness or exhaustion, so I always take it with me. I must also add that although refreshing it has no reaction on one as tea or other beverages of a stimulant nature have."

WORKERS EVERYWHERE

have to work tremendously hard for the wages they earn, and under very adverse circumstances. Nobody, then, can blame them in wishing to be supplied with the best and most wholesome food that it is possible to obtain, Vi-Cocoa. Thousands of working men and women have been induced to give it a trial, and the result is extremely gratifying.

"UNDOUBTED PURITY AND STRENGTH."—Medical Magazine.
"IN THE FRONT RANK OF REALLY VALUABLE FOODS."—Lancet.

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

FAVOURER BY THE HOMES & HOSPITALS OF GREAT BRITAIN
DAINTY SAMPLES 1/6 FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA Limited, 69 Sunhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

£15 for a few letters! See page 579 and try for some of these golden sovereigns.

ANOTHER
SURPRISE
IN STORE
FOR
YOU NEXT
WEEK!

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

HOW DO
YOU LIKE
OUR NEW
FEATURE
ON
PAGE 572?

No. 760.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

SHOULD STRIKES BE ABOLISHED?

By RICHARD BELL, M.P.

THERE can be no two opinions as to whether strikes should be abolished. All who give the matter any serious thought must be convinced that it would be most desirable to abolish them if such a course were possible in common fairness to all concerned.

The chief question which arises in the minds of all those who have the interests of the vast army of labouring men at heart is how to abolish them without depriving the workman of his only opportunity of making a practical demand to his employer when he has, or considers he has, a grievance to lay before him.

Almost all the great strikes and "lock-outs" on record have been caused mainly by stupidity—by obstinacy and stubbornness both on the part of the men and their employers.

That these strikes do an incalculable amount of harm to those who are trying to benefit themselves by means of a strike is too well-known for me to refer to it here by more than a passing remark.

The men protected by a Union receive their strike pay, but what about those who belong to no Union or Society? There are always hundreds of labourers who are not protected in any way, and these are left to absolute want or to the ministrations of the charitably disposed. To such as these a strike means a very heavy loss—one which it takes many weeks of steady labour to recover, even if they obtain their demands of increased wages or diminished hours.

It cannot be denied that much which is decidedly satisfactory has been achieved by Trade Unionism. The "Nine Hours" movement of many years back, the "Eight Hours" battle of present times, the success of the Miners' Federation in raising the wages from 30 to 40 per cent. in the famous "Docker's Tanner," and in the reduction of hours from twelve to eight by the Gasworkers' Union, we see that much can be effected by a combination at work, on hours and wages.

Some time back I introduced a Bill to Parliament which, if it could be brought in, would, I consider, be the best way of settling all disputes between the master and his men. By this Bill it would be compulsory that the demands of the men should be inquired into by the employer. Before a strike could be organised, a thorough investigation should be made into their grievance.

The Bill would make provision by the Board of Trade to arrange a meeting between the representatives of the men and the employers, and have the matter carefully threshed out, a representative of the Board of Trade being present at the meeting, holding, as it were, a watching brief for the public.

If it were found that their complaints were trifling, the matter would be dismissed—if not, things could be arranged in some way between the parties, concessions being made on either side.

Occasionally it would be found that the grievance was more imaginary than real. Often a thing that seems a terrible hardship to a man when looked at only from his own point of view becomes very trifling when discussed and viewed by others.

The British workman is as a general rule a very sensible fellow—ready to listen to reason although he will not yield to coercion. If things are pointed out to him—if it is proved to him that he is making too great a demand on his employer, he is invariably willing to arrange matters amicably.

The result of all these inquiries would in this way become public. The voice of the public and the Press would be heard on the claims of both sides, and justice would be done through the means of the best corrective of all mistakes—free criticism.

With Aristotle we must admit that the wisdom of a body of men in their collective decisions may be greater than the average wisdom of the component individuals, and by means of a public tribunal justice would be done to both employer and employé.

All rights reserved

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

"My husband has a great advantage over most men."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He walks in his sleep."

"I don't see what advantage that can be to a person."

"Why, he can carry the baby all night long and still get his natural rest."

SHE (sweetly): "What beautiful roses; so fresh. Is that dew on them?"

He (haughtily): "There is nothing due on them."

"Isn't that merely idle gossip?"

"Gossip, my dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "is never idle. It is the most industrious thing on earth."

CONSTABLE: "What, sir! Dae ye suggest that I would tak' a bribe? Dae ye dare to insult me, sir?"

The Erring One: "Oh, excuse me, I recall—"

Constable: "Bit now, supposin' I wis that kind o' man, how much wid you be inclined to gi'e?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY.

A Song of Encouragement for Children.

So to-day is your birthday, darling;

You're happy because you're six.

You've got for your birthday presents

A sword and a box of bricks.

You're building a castle, you tell me,

A castle so fine and tall,

But I must not come too near it,

For a touch will make it fall!

The sword is a toy one, darling.

And it's useless in the strife,

The battle you do not dream of—

The fearsome battle of Life!

But there is a sword called Honour,

That is bright when others rust—

May you carry that sword through life, dear,

May it win you all men's trust!

So, happy returns of the day, dear;

May the years with joy be filled,

And I trust ere you come to sixty

Many castles beside you'll build.

And some of them, dear, may tumble,

But there's one that shall never fall—

'Tis the home that is elsewhere build,

By the One who is over us all!

CUSTOMER: "That watch you sold me the other day does not keep good time."

Dealer: "It isn't the fault of the watch. Haven't you heard people say that times are very bad just now?"

TENANT: "I came to inform you, sir, that my cellar is full of water."

Landlord: "Well, what of it? You surely did not expect a cellar full of champagne for two pounds a month, did you?"

FOND OF TURKEY.

FRANZ ABT, the famous composer, was strolling home one afternoon in Brunswick, when he met a friend, who said to him:

"You seem very happy, dear fellow. Have you heard any good news?"

"Oh, no; I've just taken dinner," was the reply.

"You evidently enjoyed it. What did you have to eat?" continued the friend.

"A turkey," replied Abt.

"And how many were at table?" asked the other.

"There were only two of us," said Abt.

"Who was your companion?" inquired the friend.

"The turkey," replied Abt.

NOT SO FLATTERING, AFTER ALL.
FIRST OFFICER: "How would you fancy a sailor for a husband?"

Miss Curton: "Very much indeed, if he were like yourself."

FIRST OFFICER (highly flattered): "It's extremely nice of you to say that, but why so?"

Miss Curton: "Because you wouldn't be home much."

MAUD: "Look! That's the great heiress; she was born, you know, with a silver spoon in her mouth."

Mabel (after taking a look at the heiress): "Are you sure it wasn't a soup ladle?"

MRS. NEWLYWED: "I can't say that I think much of my new sewing-machine. It is disappointing."

Mrs. Elder: "What is wrong with it?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "I don't know exactly, but when I tried to sew buttons on with it, the machine broke every one of them."

Prizes for Boys and Girls.

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES, GRAMOPHONES,
PENKNIVES, BOOKS, AND HUNDREDS
OF SURPRISE GIFTS ARE OFFERED TO
SCHOOL BOYS AND SCHOOL GIRLS.

ON the first white page of this number you will see the heading "PEARSON'S WEEKLY—to Interest, to Elevate, to Amuse," which appears week by week. What you have to do is to copy this heading in black ink. The copy must be larger than the original heading, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your school. No ruling is allowed.

When the heading is done fill in your name and the address of your school on the coupon below and paste it on the drawing. Then the teacher should collect all the drawings and send them in an envelope marked "BOY" or "GIRL," as the case may be, to the Editor, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines written on each drawing certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in at once. Schools may make any number of attempts, but no attempt will be eligible for a prize unless accompanied by the teacher's certificate of its being unaided work, and no competitor may receive more than one gift.

To the competitor in each school competing who sends in what the Editor considers to be the most accurate drawing a gift in the shape of either a pencil-case, penknife, book, box of water-colours, card of school requisites, or novelty top will be IMMEDIATELY awarded.

TO EACH OF THE TEN BOYS whose attempts the Editor at the close of the competition considers to be the best of all those sent in from all schools competing will be presented a splendid Model Locomotive with model passenger coach, rails, and signal complete. And EACH OF THE TEN GIRLS selected by the Editor under the same conditions will receive a splendid Gramophone and two Records. These Gramophones will take any size record and have spring motors.

Moreover, the teacher of each boy and girl who wins a model locomotive or a gramophone will receive free of cost a Gramophone and two Records.

Now, boys and girls, show this to your school teacher and ask him or her to allow you and your school-mates to enter this competition.

The number of copies of Pearson's Weekly required by the teacher for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a post-card addressed to the Publisher, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' COUPON.

Name.....

School.....

Date.....

Turn to page 572 and see our new feature!



By LESLIE MOORE.

BETTY RAYMOND sat up suddenly in the hammock—a proceeding which nearly capsize her—and pushed back the hair from her eyes.

"Tony," she said very solemnly, "if you think you could keep awake for ten minutes I should like to discuss something seriously with you."

The young man thus addressed raised himself on one elbow from among the cushions, where he had been lying, and looked gravely at the small figure in the hammock.

"I have not been asleep at all," he announced. Betty ignored this barefaced statement as unworthy of dispute, and continued.

"I'm bored—utterly bored. I must have a new experience, so I am going to write a story."

Tony fell back among the cushions with a groan.

"What kind of a story?" he inquired.

"A love story," replied Betty with great decision. He laughed derisively, and sat up again.

"A love story! What in the name of all that's wonderful do you know about love. Why you can't even love me."

"I always have said," retorted Betty, "that conceit was one of your worst failings."

"No publisher," went on Tony, "will look at a story that has not at least some elements of possibility in its composition, and how can you write with no experience of your subject?"

"I can gain experience," replied Betty loftily, "and then I will write my story."

"Do," said Tony. "Mind you let me know when it is published. To what magazine do you intend sending it? Or is it to come out in book form?"

"I haven't decided yet, but I think book form, in a vellum cover with green ribbons."

"Ah! and what price do you intend asking?" Tony's voice was gravely deferential.

"I don't know," replied Betty somewhat vaguely. "I thought the publishers arranged that. I should think seven-and-sixpence a volume. But I expect them to pay me about eight hundred to a thousand pounds for the story."

"Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for then shall he not be disappointed," murmured Tony profanely.

"What did you say?" queried Betty.

"Oh! nothing," replied Tony. "I should think that would be a very fair price, for I am sure your book will be a unique specimen. How do you propose obtaining copy?"

"What do you mean?" asked Betty, puckering her eyebrows together, and surveying him doubtfully.

"I mean, how do you propose gaining sufficient experience on the subject?"

"Oh, easily. I shall be staying in Yorkshire next week, and I shall meet heaps of men there. And my frocks are going to be delicious."

Tony smiled, but the smile was rather grim. "Couldn't you begin by practising on me?" he questioned.

"No," she replied decidedly, "and I haven't even made up my mind whether I am going to fall in love with them at all. They are to fall in love with me."

"Haven't you sufficient copy here, then?" and he struck his chest melodramatically.

"Certainly not. In the first place I am never a bit sure whether you are serious, and in the second place I couldn't write a book only about you."

"Why not?" he queried. "Fascinating subject."

"Opinions may differ," she retorted.

"I should not have considered it possible," he replied gravely, "but, no doubt, you know best."

He lay back and surveyed her from beneath his eyelashes with curious light blue eyes.

The warm June sunshine playing through the trees cast oblique shadows on her white dress and gold hair, and the man felt a sharp pain at his heart as he looked.

"Betty," he said at last, "if I were to tell you very seriously—in truly solemn language if you prefer it—that I love you, would you listen then?"

Betty's eyes met his for a moment, and Betty's eyes were very wonderful.

"No, Tony," she said very gently, "it wouldn't be a bit of good. I like you very much—far more than any man I've ever met. But I think that is because I know you better, and am always glad when you are with me. But I know I'm not one bit in love with you."

"I wonder if you know the sensation?" he answered, more to himself than to her.

"Of course I do," she replied. "I've read about it lots of times. I know just what it must feel like."

He laughed. "Well, promise me one thing. Will you write to me pretty often and tell me how the search for experience is progressing? At any rate, it will be good practice for the book."

"Very well," she agreed, "and perhaps the book might be published in letter form afterwards, it would save a lot of trouble."

"If you think I'm going to give your delightful letters to a publisher to read, you are very much mistaken."

"You needn't," she replied sweetly, "I can keep copies."

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

June 17th, 19—

Merton Hall, Gaybridge, Yorkshire.

DEAR TONY,—

I have been here for five days now, so suppose I must keep my promise of writing to you. There is not, at present, much interesting material for the book, as the only men are an elderly parson who squints, a kind of a poet, and a callow youth.

I am getting on best with the poet. He has already told me that my eyes are violet and my hair is golden; but, though he may be falling in love, I'm not, for I do know what the sensation would be like, whatever you may say. He writes poetry; and I'm sure it's awfully clever, for it sounds like bits of Swinburne.

It has the same kind of swingy feeling about it, and is quite as hard to understand. I asked him once—very gently—if he could explain it a little, but he looked so reproachful—I had to pretend that the full meaning suddenly dawned upon me. I do hope he will never ask me what it is!

He has the funniest method imaginable of courting me. He gives me funeral marches to play. The very day after my arrival he brought me Chopin's, and since then I've had Mendelssohn's, Handel's, and several others which I can't remember at this moment. It is rather lugubrious, isn't it? But I think he will do to go into the book.

Yours,

BETTY RAYMOND.

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

June 23rd, 19—

Merton Hall,

Gaybridge, Yorkshire.

DEAR TONY,—

Two more men have come, but one only arrived last night, so I will tell you about the other first. He is short and fat, and has a red face, and blue eyes that look—horrid!

Of course, as I wanted experience for my book I had to be nice to him, but now I do wish I hadn't. For—would you believe it—he thinks I'm in love with him!

It is terrible, and I don't know what to do. He comes and sits beside me and will try to take hold of my hand. I am reduced at last to spending most of my time upon the music-stool. He can't get near me there without bringing a chair to sit beside me, and he doesn't do that because he evidently does not want other people to see. I have tried being dignified, but he only laughs.

The poet is dreadfully jealous, and has got as far as oratorios. I daren't tell him I would much rather have *The Country Girl*. He came in the other day just as I was singing "Sammy." I explained that the quick lightness of it was good for producing a flexible voice. He seemed relieved, but suggested that "Rejoice greatly" would be quite as good and better style.

Isn't it terrible? I really can't go on living up to him. The new man, who arrived last night, is a second cousin.

He is very nice and good-looking. He will be splendid material for the book, I'm sure.

I am not going to write any more now, as the new cousin wants me to go out for a walk.

Yours,

BETTY RAYMOND.

P.S.—6.30 p.m. I have just heard that the red-faced man is married. Isn't it awful?

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

June 27, 19—

Merton Hall.

DEAR TONY,—

I am glad to find that the postscript to my last letter shocked you quite as much as it did me. I don't think I shall put him in my book, as I want it to be moral. If one has the gift of writing it should be used for good. Don't you think so?

I am getting on so well with the new cousin. He is charming, and just like one of Dana Gibson's drawings. He is a good deal older than the poet, and evidently thinks I'm rather a baby. I don't mind, because, on the whole, it is easier than being intellectual. I have to be very silent, though, when I'm with the cousin and the poet at the same time. I wish I had not started the intellectual rôle; it is so difficult to keep up.

By-the-way, I've had quite a quarrel with the red-faced man. It was at a dance. His waltzing is atrocious, and I would only give him two, but as he bothered so much I gave him the lancers as well.

Just after his first waltz the cousin came up for another set of lancers. I'd had to let him have them because he had used up nearly all my waltzes besides. He suggested going into the garden, and I said I didn't care a bit about the lancers—the red-faced man heard—so we went.

It is a delightful garden, and there are heaps of little summer-houses. I don't think I can publish my book in letter-form, and I am not sure whether it had better not be anonymous. But he is a cousin, you know. And that is a kissing relationship anyway.

Well, when we came back the red-faced man glared a good deal, and when his set of lancers came he suggested that he should take me into the garden. But I told him I wouldn't miss dancing the lancers for anything. It was a dance I just loved.

He was mad; and to punish me he just took me off my feet in the "gentlemen-to-the-centre" figure. I was furious, and told him not to do it. But—would you believe it?—he did it again. Then I told him I would just leave the dance if he didn't behave better. But, you know, I couldn't be dignified when my feet were swinging right out behind me.

He was better afterwards. But I told the cousin I meant to cut the red-faced man's next waltz, so we sat it out together. And the red-faced man found us, and he and the cousin nearly fought.

He is frightfully polite to me now, and I needn't sit on the music-stool any longer, which is a great comfort, for I do

like the lounge in the bow-window, and I find the cousin does, too.

Yours,

BETTY RAYMOND.

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

June 30th, 19—

Merton Hall.

DEAR TONY,—

Another man has arrived, and he is even better material than the cousin. He is almost better looking, too. I didn't know at first quite what rôle to take with him, but I find he acts; and, as I'm on safe ground there, it is all right.

They are getting up some theatricals here, and we are going to do a duologue. He has written it himself, and it is very clever. There is a very nice love-making scene at the end, and I think he was quite relieved when he found I didn't mind how real he was in it. He says the girls that do mind are generally those that are not so particular in private life, and I thought that was very nice of him.

We rehearse pretty often, because he says one is always rather nervous before an audience, and the end scene is specially difficult.

I am afraid the cousin doesn't quite like it; but as he makes up at other times, I don't think he need grumble. And cousins don't count as people in private life, do they?

Yours,

BETTY RAYMOND.

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

July 7th, 19—

Merton Hall.

DEAR TONY,—

The theatricals are over, and they were a great success. The callow youth and the red-faced man have left. It is rather a relief, especially as lately I had been doing the sympathetic rôle for the callow youth, and that is the most tiring of any.

I am almost glad there is only a week more, and then I can be natural again. It is a good thing you have known me since I was little.

BETTY.

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

July 9th, 10—

Merton Hall.

DEAR TONY,—

A dreadful thing has happened. The poet and the acting man have both proposed.

The poet was terribly angry, and said I was a heartless little flirt. I explained I only wanted copy because I was going to write a book, and that, as an author, he should sympathise. He didn't behave a bit like a poet, either. He never tore his hair or anything. I almost think he swore! I'm dreadfully afraid the book is going to be a failure.

The other man was much nicer, but he got very white. They have both had telegrams this morning and left. The other girls are furious. I didn't mention them before because they weren't very interesting, and now they are being disagreeable. The cousin is my one stand-by. He is very charming, and only flirts without proposing, which is such a comfort.

But I am not happy.

BETTY.

P.S.—The cousin's leave is up to-morrow, too.

MISS BETTY RAYMOND TO ANTONY DREMOND, Esq.

July 10th, 19—

Merton Hall.

DEAR TONY,—

The cousin left this morning, and I've had a dreadful day with the girls. I can't stand another. I am going to have a telegram, too, to-morrow morning, and am coming home at once. I shall arrive by the 5.40. You may tell mamma that you will meet me, and she needn't send a maid.

BETTY.

Betty sat up very straight in the hammock, or rather, as straight as a hammock will allow, and looked at Tony.

"Do you know," she said very solemnly, "you were right?"

"I always am," he replied sweetly, "but to what special occasion do you refer?"

"The time you said that I didn't know what the sensation was," Betty leaned back again on the cushions.

"Ah! yes, I remember." He looked down at her with an odd look in his light eyes. "But it is never too late to learn, you know."

"No," agreed Betty, "for I have learnt now."

"How interesting!" he replied, but a shadow fell across his face. "Did the cousin teach you, and could you describe the sensation?"

She shook her head. "It is too beautiful to describe, and it was not he who taught me."

She looked up at him with eyes like starlit pansies. His breath came quicker, and he bent towards her.

"Can you write the book now?" he asked. And his voice told all the question would imply.

"If you will help me," she replied.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked a traveller of a small boy.

"About twelve o'clock, sir," replied the boy.

"I thought it was more."

"It is never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise. "It just begins at one again."

**It Makes an - -
- - Impression.**

What does? Why, the February Number of
Pearson's Magazine,
which is now selling at 6d.

"People I Have Read." A thrilling series of articles by Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the world famous thought reader, is now running in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.



Their Origin; their Terrible Details, and their Grim Endings.

The French Revolution commenced in much the same way as the present Riots in Russia.

While the American Rising Cost that Country 600,000 Lives.

THE revolution which has begun in Russia by the wholesale massacre of thousands of strikers in the streets of St. Petersburg promises to be one of the greatest in modern history.

It has been brought about by several causes. The country has been plunged into a disastrous and unnecessary war with one of the most formidable Powers of the world by the reckless schemers of the military party.

As a result Russia has suffered defeat after defeat. She has seen her greatest fleet annihilated, almost without loss to the victors, her greatest fortress captured, her greatest army, led by her best general, twice defeated in the field.

At home the Russian people tried to enlist the sympathies of their Tsar by the peaceful methods of resolutions and petitions, calling attention to their wrongs and grievances.

Tired of the conditions of life in Russia; of tyranny; of injustice and corruption; of the autocratic system which bleeds them of their earnings, and refuses them education; of the ineptitude and brutality of the bureaucrats—they attempted to put one last petition before the Tsar in his Winter Palace.

THE TSAR HAD FLED.

But he had fled, and in his stead was the Grand Duke Vladimir—upon whose conscience lies the slaughter of thousands of Russian workmen and their wives and children. To his barbarous cruelty Russia really owes her revolution.

In many respects the events closely resemble those which ushered into history the fearful French Revolution of 1789.

The profligacy of the nobility, their comparative exemption from taxation, which, in consequence, fell all the heavier upon the impoverished people, the abolition of municipal institutions, the sale of positions in the State and law courts to the biggest bidders—these, together with the refusal of Louis XVI. and his advisers to the reasonable demands of the Deputies, were the chief causes of the insurrectionary outbreak at Paris on the momentous morning of July 12th.

The first great act was the storming of the Bastille, which was pulled down by the populace, and its Governor and other officers frightfully mutilated.

Then, in quick succession, followed the flight of the Royal Princes and nobles, the confiscation of the property belonging to the clergy, and the transference to the mint of their silver ornaments for the purposes of coinage.

PRISONS BROKEN OPEN.

For three years and more Paris and every part of France was in revolt. The prisons were broken open, thousands were slain.

On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was beheaded, the widowed Queen Marie Antoinette met her fate on the guillotine soon after, and then a reign of blood and terror succeeded.

Danton and Robespierre, after having condemned countless numbers to the guillotine, suffered each in turn a similar fate. But the people had had enough of bloodshed, and were anxious for peace and order at any price. Yet several years elapsed before this desirable state of things existed.

Since that time France has had several other revolutions. In 1848, by the prohibition of the grand reform banquet at Paris, the Red Republicans broke out into insurrectionary tumult.

FRANCE HAS HAD MORE THAN ONE REVOLUTION.

It began with the refusal of Louis Philippe to the desire for electoral reform, and the proclamation, after that monarch's abdication, of a provisional Government under the presidency of Louis Napoleon.

Again were the prisons thrown open, the Tuileries, the Imperial Palace of France, was ransacked, and the barricades thrown up in the streets. Before the insurrection was crushed 16,000 persons were either killed or wounded, while the national loss was estimated at 30,000,000 francs.

The crushing defeats of the French army in the terrible Franco-German War were the prime cause of the revolution of 1870, when the Senate was dissolved, a Republic once again proclaimed amid great excitement, and the Empress Regent sent a fugitive to Great Britain.

The following year France was again disturbed by the insurrection of the Communists. It was eventually quelled by the regular army, but not before much loss of life and grievous damage had been done to public and private property.

In 1890 Poland was in the throes of a great insurrection.

It began with the general discontent of the people, who complained of the interference with the Press, and with the formation of numerous secret societies.

lost her independence, and in the following year was declared an integral part of the Russian Empire.

The mighty revolution which in 1848, and for two years following, shook the foundations of Austria and Hungary, began with the rebellion of the Hungarian people, who had long been discontented with the Austrian rule.

A score of battles were fought, which in nearly every case ended in favour of the Hungarians. Victory was within their reach when their leader, Gorgei, made a most unnecessary surrender of his army to the combined forces of Russia and Austria.

The revolution which began in the United States in 1860 started from peculiar causes.

The man who really set it in motion was a monomaniac on the slavery question, named John Brown.

He was a prominent leader in the violent conflicts which took place in Kansas during the agitation respecting the question of the State's taking up slavery.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

Gathering about him a band of desperate characters, Brown seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, a town on the borders of Virginia and Maryland, stopped the railway trains, and cut the telegraph wires.

From this beginning sprang the revolution, which lasted five years, which cost the American nation £2,000,000,000, and which brought about the death of 600,000 persons besides as many more wounded.

Yet it rescued the Southern States from the incubus of slavery, and settled once and for all whether the United States was one nation or an aggregate of many.

Corrupt administration brought about a revolt of the Spanish people in 1868, when for the two years following they adopted provisional Government, one result of which was to furnish the pretext for the Franco-Prussian War by their selection of a ruler in Amadeus of Savoy.

By the differences of the Federalists and the Conservative Republicans Spain in 1874 was again split up, and the second Carlist war resulted.

Brazil was in revolt in 1889. It began at Rio Janeiro by the army, who imprisoned the Emperor, and afterwards sent him and his family into exile, and a Republic was proclaimed.

The unconstitutional Government of President Balmaceda was the cause of Chili's insurrection in 1891, while the revolution raised by the Radicals at Belgrade, which brought about the massacre of the King and Queen of Serbia in 1903, with all its grim details, is still fresh in the memory.

The Revolution in this country, led by Cromwell, in 1649, against Charles I., is another instance of a monarch's downfall, being due to his own profligacy. The King's fight was not a long one, and on January 30th, 1649, he paid the penalty of his folly on the scaffold.

A STRIKING LIST

is given below of the Songs and Pieces at present published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. Other pieces will be issued each month. This firm was

First in the Field

with the publication of new and original music, by the best writers and composers, at a uniform price of Sixpence each copy—well printed and of ordinary music size

"HOMEWARD," Words and Music by Gerald Lane.

"SONGERS," Words by Clifton Bingham, Music by Robert Eden.

"VENETIA," Words by Ed. Teschemacher, Music by Signor L. Deana.

"Valse MATINALE," by Mons. Alfred Margis (Composer of "Valse Bleue.")

"MOPSA," Words (from the Greek) by Theo. Moore, Music by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.

"A WHISPER OF LOVE," Words by G. Hubl-Newcombe, Music by Milton Wellings.

All these are issued in the series . . .

Pearson's 6d. Music,

obtainable at all book and music-sellers, railway and other bookstalls for Sixpence each, or direct from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for Sevenpence each post free.

Pearson's Sixpenny Music can be heard on the gramophone at any depot of the Gramophone and Typewriter Co. Ltd., which are to be found in most towns throughout the Kingdom.

WHEN NATIONS GO TO LAW.

The Dogger Bank Trial has had many Precedents.

WHEN one man punches another man on the nose, one of two things usually happens. The party attacked either hits back, or he seeks redress in a court of law.

And as it is with individuals, so is it with nations. Obviously, therefore, when last October, the Russian Baltic Fleet wantonly fired upon and sank the British trawler *Crane* in the North Sea, the outlook was of the gravest possible character.

War or peace, in fact, trembled in the balance. But in the end, as we all know, England consented not to "hit back."

Which is why, at this present moment, there is in progress at Paris, what is virtually an action-at-law between this country and Russia.

The judges (commissioners) who are "trying" the "case" are five in number, and represent respectively Great Britain, Russia, France, the United States, and Austria.

Procedure in this, and other similar cases, does not differ greatly from that which prevails in ordinary courts of justice the world over.

The judges have the assistance of legal assessors, witnesses are examined on oath, and secretaries and assistant-secretaries are appointed to take verbatim shorthand notes of the evidence.

In one respect, however, the Paris Commission has the advantage of the regular courts. Having been convened to try a naval case, all its members are naval men, and, therefore, of course, experts as regards the special matter in hand.

Probably the same cause of procedure will be adopted in future in similar cases. But ordinary squabbles between nations, such as disputes regarding boundaries, or fishing rights, will doubtless be dealt with by the permanent International Court which was organised at the Hague in 1901.

In a little while this unique and potent tribunal will be housed in Mr. Carnegie's magnificent Palace of Peace, and its usefulness will then be enormously extended. But even now it is doing excellent work.

For instance, the long-standing customs dispute between Great Britain and Germany on the one hand, and Venezuela on the other, has been dealt with by it in a manner that might well bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of those responsible for our own costly and dilatory system of judicature.

The case was opened on October 1st, and closed on November 13th, 1903. On February 2nd, 1904, the President of the Court, M. de Mouraireff, pronounced judgment. The expenses amounted to £110.

Could anything be quicker, neater, or cheaper? Of course, however, even in early days, nations did occasionally go to law instead of to war.

So far back, in fact, as the year 1814 a mixed commission met at Ghent for the trial of a dispute which had arisen between this country and the United States of America, regarding the ownership of certain islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, near the mouth of the St. Croix River.

It took the court nearly three years to sift the evidence, and arrive at a decision, but in the end all the points at issue were amicably adjusted.

The precedent, once established, was quickly followed.

In 1827 the King of the Netherlands acted as judge of a court convened to settle the boundary question between Canada and the United States; and in 1868 General Ulysses Grant, President of the United States, arbitrated between England and Portugal as regards the sovereignty over the island of Buama, off the West Coast of Africa.

On this latter occasion the decision was against us, and in favour of Portugal.

Two years later, however, we recovered over a million sterling from the United States for damage done to our Nova Scotian fisheries.

Then followed the famous Alabama case, by far the most important piece of international litigation ever attempted.

Briefly stated, the dispute arose over the *Alabama*, an armed steamer of 900 tons, which the British Government negligently permitted to escape from the Mersey after having been warned by the American Ambassador in London that she was intended for the revolted Confederate States.

For nearly two years this "licensed pirate," as President Grant designated her, preyed upon the mercantile marine of the United States, and for this their Government claimed from ours sums aggregating the enormous total of nearly £9,500,000 sterling.

England denied the responsibility for the misdeeds of the *Alabama*, and alternatively pleaded that the damages asked were excessive.

The specially-constituted arbitration tribunal met at Geneva in December, 1871, and delivered judgment in September, 1872. We were directed to pay £3,229,166, a big drop from the £9,476,166, which the Americans claimed.

Neither nation was satisfied with the decision, but to the credit of both it was loyally accepted, thereby proving to the world, once for all, that even the gravest international questions could be settled without having recourse to the arbitrament of the sword.

Questions Worth Answering

What is Lacquer?

Japanese lacquer is obtained from the urushi or varnish tree, which is of fine proportions when full grown. An incision is made through the bark, and it yields a rich milky, glutinous juice, from which the Japanese make their celebrated varnish.

Was it Always Lawful to Play Cards on Sunday?

There was a time when people in this country were forbidden by law to play at cards, even in their own houses, on Sunday. In the Royal Proclamation against vice, profaneness, and immorality, read every session and assize, is the following passage: "And we do hereby strictly enjoin and prohibit all our loving subjects, of what degree or quality soever, from playing on the Lord's Day at Dice, Cards, or any other game whatsoever, either in public or private houses, or other places whatsoever."

Who were the Earliest Mummies?

Mumming is derived from the Danish mummie, a mask, disguise, and took its origin from the ancient Roman Saturnalia. In early English times it was the custom to indulge in burlesque sports after dinner on Christmas Day, when masked performers, called mummies, would disport before the assembled guests.

This custom is still kept up in some parts of England, specially in Northamptonshire, where the villagers go about during the Christmas holidays from house to house, personating several ridiculous characters in their mock play.

Why People Often Deserted their Towns?

So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Ceylon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years—from 1680 to 1679—was a captive amongst them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if any of them fell sick, and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the Evil One. Some of them came back when they thought the Evil Spirit had departed.

Which Public School had an Annual Whipping Day?

Canterbury School had an annual whipping day, when, as Green tells us, an all round whipping was given to the boys, not for any definite fault on their part, but with a view to their general improvement.

Canterbury was not singular in the belief that a sound birching now and then was in itself a good thing for boys. The idea was commonly held in the old scholastic world, and was regularly acted upon by the most famous head masters, from Dean Colet to Dr. Keate. Erasmus says he was flogged on this principle, and Charles Lamb found it to be the practice at Christ's Hospital.

Do Boys or Girls Grow Faster?

Quetelet, the Belgian scientist, tells us that according to his observations, made some half century ago, he found the growth of girls in all respects parallel with and equal to that of boys; but Nathaniel Bowditch, the American physicist, found, by comparing 25,000 boys and girls, that, from eleven to fifteen years of age, girls outgrow boys, though boys have the advantage both before and after that period.

Herr E. Schmidt, a close and accurate observer, confirms this statement, so that on the whole the boys must be said to have the better of it, if height is to be considered an advantage.

What are Thunder-bolts?

The name thunder-bolt is often applied to lightning of a very concentrated form, which is capable of working considerable havoc, and which is essentially the same as the ordinary sort; but it is more commonly applied to solid matter, that is supposed to have fallen from the clouds.

In many rocks hard cylindrical bodies, pointed at one end, occur in great numbers, as in the Midlands. By rustics these are often known as "thunderbolts," but they are in reality the internal shells of cuttle-fish long since extinct. When lightning strikes on a sandy soil the heat generated is often sufficient to fuse the sand into hard tubes known as fulgurites. These also have been supposed to be thunder-bolts that have been rained out of the sky, and go commonly by that name.

What are "Rag and Bone" Booksellers?

For a long time many Manchester booksellers have been taking out what are called "rag and bone" licenses, in order that they may deal in second-hand books. It appears that, under a local Act of 1844, all dealers in second-hand goods must have the permission of the Manchester Town Council, in order to trade within its jurisdiction. The Act was primarily intended to apply to brokers and dealers in marine stores, but the Manchester police have maintained that second-hand booksellers came within it, and a number

of these were in the habit of taking out a license to save themselves trouble.

Recently a large dealer in theological works demurred to his stock being officially classified with "rag and bones," and was summoned accordingly. In the result he won his case, for the magistrate before whom it came decided that the old Act was never intended to deal with such a business as that of book-selling.

How Many Lives are Lost in War?

It has been calculated that during the last century quite twenty million victims of war have fallen in the civilised countries of Europe and America. The bloodshed among Eastern Nations and in barbarous countries is at least as large, so that we may conclude that the terrible total of forty million men fall in each century. It has been computed that since history began quite twelve hundred million men have thus perished.

Which is the Smallest British Mammal?

The smallest mammal in the British Isles is the shrew mouse. This is not only the smallest British mammal, but, with the exception of one other of the same genus, the smallest in Europe.

The harvest mouse is sometimes thought to be even smaller, but the length of its head and body is often 2½ inches, whilst that of the lesser shrew is rarely more than 2 inches. The tail measures about 1½ inch, and its teeth are so extremely small that a lens is required to detect them.

What is "the Length of the Law"?

The phrase "the length of the law" owes its origin to the enormous length of some of the parchment rolls upon which our ancient statutes were inscribed. The present-day official title of the "Master of the Rolls" is a reminder of this ancient custom.

Some faint idea of the bulk of our English records may be obtained from the fact that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV., measures, when unrolled, upwards of 900ft.!

What is an Indian Summer?

An Indian summer is a brief spell of mild, balmy weather in November, characterised by a clear, shining sky, and a hazy atmosphere near the horizon. It is really an American term.

In the upper valleys of the Mississippi it is more marked than anywhere; west of this, fair weather is less exceptional, whilst east of it the fluctuations are irregular. The regions were the very places occupied by the Indians in the early days of American settlers. We parallel this period by our St. Martin's little summer, which Shakespeare in Henry VI., Part 1, refers to as "halcyon days."

WARMED BEFORE MORNING.

ONE very cold winter night a kind old lady suddenly recollected that her maid lived in an unheated room.

"Mary," she said, remembering the good old custom of her girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flat-iron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary, in mild, expressionless assent. The old lady slept soundly and free from care, secure in the belief that the maid was comfortable. In the morning she again visited the kitchen.

"Well, Mary," she asked, "how did you get along with the flat-iron?"

Mary breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Well, ma'am," she said, "I got it most warm before morning."

A REMARKABLE CONSERVATORY.

A young American once found himself in an English country house.

He was not a bad young fellow, but he carried the habit of self-glorification beyond the possible point, so that he got himself disliked, and ordinary men said that he was a romancer.

A son of the house took him aside and spoke to him delicately upon the subject.

"Wal," the American said, "it would offend me to hurt any of your insular prejudices; but the fact is that when I commence to bluff my tongue sorter runs away with me. I'd take it kindly if you'd give me a nudge, or a kick, or something when you think I'm spreading it too thick."

The son of the house said he would.

That night the American took an English heiress into dinner, and she happened to refer to conservatories. It started the American.

"I had a cousin in Virginia who built himself a greenhouse that was thought remarkable. It was 418ft. long, 90ft. high, and—"

Here his shin was barked under the table, and the son of the house caught his eye. He rubbed the dent, and added with a sigh:

"And about an inch wide."

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

WHAT CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN ARE SAYING.

Bright Paragraphs Written by Bright People.

Is seats in pit and gallery were booked and numbered, booing would die a natural death.—*Adrian Ross.*

I do not know of a single woman to whose abilities the success of a pantomime has been attributable.—*Mr. George Robey.*

A HEALTHY brain requires neither stimulants nor tobacco; for every prick they give to Nature, she kicks back at them.—*Dr. Kitchin.*

Of all the crimes committed in modern England, the neglect of helpless children is the greatest and the worst.—*Mayor of Huddersfield.*

UNLESS a man is rich, he ought to be regarded as a criminal if he permits his sons or daughters to become musicians.—*Mr. J. F. Bunce.*

New friends are an excellent and wise dispensation of Nature, and only the foolish person despises and refuses them.—*Lady Violet Greville.*

WHEN you see a girl or woman very careful and solicitous about her looks and general appearance—the question is, "Who is the man?"—*Mrs. Humphry.*

A CRITIC who wants the drama to be infinitely better than it is, can hardly avoid the pitfall of supposing it to be rather worse than it is.—*Mr. Max Beerbohm.*

LONDON is being rebuilt as rapidly as New York; but it so much vaster than the American city that the process is less conspicuous.—*Mr. Randall Blackshaw.*

COMMERCIAL travellers might be called the army of commerce. No one knows better than they that business in these days has to be fought for.—*Lord Mayor of Birmingham.*

WOMAN is throwing off her useless femininity and beating even her brothers in brusqueness, indifference, and the art of being "casual."—*Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon.*

Don't Specialise in Education.

In the hurry and race of modern life there is a tendency to advocate education which will be of immediate assistance to professional life. The temptation to specialise too much must be resisted.—*Lord Alversstone.*

High Speed Motors Useless.

I THINK myself the time has really come when it should be seriously considered whether these long-distanced, high-speed races, with the present heavy racing-cars are useful or necessary at all.—*Mr. S. F. Edge.*

Sportmen Good for the Country.

MAKE a man a sportsman, a real lover of sport, and you get him well on the road to sobriety, self-respect, and physical well being. "Keep on making sportsmen" would not be a bad motto for Parliament.—*The Earl of Lonsdale.*

Masculine Gallantry Suspected.

ALL masculine gallantry is now suspected. Observe the most friendly couple inside an omnibus. A lady enters. Suppose the man with the lady is unwisely enough to offer his seat. It will cost him a sharp pinch from his better half.—*M. Marcel Prevost.*

Why America Likes Stratford.

AN American, if nowhere else, always feels at home in Stratford. The old literature which dated from the time before England and America fell apart, was a possession common to both countries, and formed the most indissoluble of bonds.—*Sir George Trevelyan.*

No Such Thing as Overwork.

Do we suffer from overwork? A practical method of determining the measure of fatigue is to trace the tired feeling to its source. We may learn that what we have been calling overwork is nothing more nor less than worry or boredom. The human machine was built to work.—*Dr. Cater.*

THE OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.)

Funds (31st December, 1903) £1,387,985.

The Ocean Corporation issues the

"Leader" Policy

against Accident and Disease, and it will be found to fully justify its title. Send for Prospectus.

Over £4,000,000 paid in Claims.

Fidelity Guarantee. Workmen's Compensation. Drivers' and Public Liability Insurance. Surgery Insurance. Mortgage Insurance. Excess Bad Debt Insurance. Bell and Lift Inspection and Insurance.

Head Office: 38 to 44 MORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4. R. A. PAUL, General Manager and Secretary.

Ten Royal Lovers.



HOW ROYALTY MAKES LOVE.

1. The Boy King of Spain must Marry a Girl he Doesn't Love.

METAPHORICALLY, and possibly literally, the little King of Spain has been taken by the ear and led to

the feet of the Princess Margaret Victoria, eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, brother of King Edward.

He has probably never seen his bride, but what of that? How could he dare refuse an alliance with England? Reasons of State, he is told, demand the sacrifice.

Since he came of age a couple of years ago, and swore to observe the laws of his country, the question of his marriage has been imminent. His heart has nothing to say in the matter. If it had, to show he has one, they tell a pretty little tale of his meeting with a maiden whom they call Dona Mercedes O'Donnell, the fifteen-year-old daughter of the Duke of Tetuan. The young King first saw her at San Sebastian, a watering place where life is less ceremonious than at Madrid.

Dona Mercedes was bathing, with the water in her eyes and her hair. She was unceremoniously presented to her King. One can't be very formal in such circumstances. The little King laughed and she laughed, and—well that is quite enough when the combined ages are not more than thirty-two.

It is nice to believe that for a week or so they were like any boy and girl. But it struck terror to the heart of the Queen Regent, who is a very good woman, but primarily a Queen, with a Queen's prejudices, and a Queen's instincts, and a Queen's interests.

"Pack up and return to Madrid!" In the midst of King Alfonso's good time this order rang through his seaside palace. No more informality, no more Mercedes, no more real heart affairs.

"My son, in you is vested the future of your Royal house and your beloved country. Your personal feelings have nothing whatever to do in so serious a matter as marriage."

The little King stood before his mother and took his lesson meekly as a child does when he appreciates the justice that prompts his guardian's remarks. We can imagine that he battled with his insurgent little heart, and then the King, poor little King, every inch a King, drawing himself up proudly, cried, "And who is she to be?"

A picture was presented to the young King marked "Archduchess Elisabeth of Austria." In his heart was engraved the lovely laughing face of Dona Mercedes, and his eyes gazed upon a snub nose, sleek haired, decidedly plain, girl. "No!" he cried. "No, not for all the reasons of State in all the kingdom!"

The young King was reasoned with. He was told that the Archduchess belonged to the most ancient and respected dynasty in the world, and that it was his duty for his country and to his country, but he was obdurate. The image of Mercedes was too fresh in his mind.

"There are others," he cried, "equally to be desired, but this one—no!" The King has had his way in this one instance. It is said that it was the ladies who had theirs in some of the others.

The King reviewed the marriageable daughters of the various Courts of Europe, while the Spanish Premier stood ready to ask: "How much money and how much political influence is Spain offered for the title of Queen of one of the proudest nations on earth?"

King Alfonso then looked them over—Bourbon princesses, Austrian duchesses, Russian grand-duchesses. He was up for sale, and had nothing special to say in the matter, if only his choice was agreeable to the people.

There is no disputing the reasons of State in this instance. What could be more desirable than a match with the niece of King Edward? The Princess is twenty-two, four years older than the young King; but in a Royal alliance a few years more or less are of small matter. Blood, pedigree, politics are the only things that count.

Margaret Victoria is the eldest child of the Duke of Connaught, the late Queen Victoria's third son, who was once the popular Prince Arthur.

The King of Spain has proposed, and already the Spanish people are rejoicing. Photographs of the young Princess are to be seen in all the shops. Fair haired, blue eyed, gentle and charming she looks.

The King of Spain is a worthy match for the Duke's daughter. Desirable kings are rare. The little Princess will close her eyes to the fact that the King is frail and puny, and not the splendid Royal figure

that she has probably pictured through all her nursery days—days that are barely over. There has appeared just one objection to this match, which, perhaps, may prevent Alfonso from marrying one Princess whom he does not love.

This objection comes from Rome—the Vatican objects. Spain, next to Italy, is the most Catholic of countries in the religious sense, while England, of course, is Protestant.

The Vatican contends that the British constitution is so severe on the point of any member of the Royal house changing his or her religion that this match, if carried out, will result in a loss of Catholic influence in Spain—possibly the Vatican may have its way and break it off.

Otherwise, for reasons of State the match is excellent.



2. Will Miss Roosevelt Marry a Foreign Prince?

Those who profess to be acquainted with the facts in the case are not a bit surprised at the announcement cabled over from Sweden that a union between Miss Alice Roosevelt and the Crown Prince Gustav Adolph is in contemplation.

She is twenty. Isn't it natural to suppose that during the next four years she will accentuate her presence in the White House by a wedding?

Love, of course, is essential, but why not fall in love with a real, live Royal Prince, who has every chance of some day sitting on a real throne in a real palace?

To love, the young woman must have a chance to study the young man. Such a chance is to be Alice Roosevelt's. To facilitate matters she is to go abroad under the most trusted and skilled espionage. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, whom the President has chosen to succeed Mr. Choate as United States Ambassador to St. James's, will be her host, her guide, her counsellor.

When she goes to Sweden she will, of course, have an entree into the very innermost Court circles, where King Oscar, Prince Gustav Adolph's grandfather, reigns, the beau ideal of Sovereigns.

Gustav Adolph, the eldest son of his eldest son, is naturally the King's favourite grandchild. He is twenty-two years of age, quite right for Miss Alice, who is barely twenty, and is tall and athletic, like his grandfather.

She will not have the slightest difficulty in conversing with him, as he speaks English fluently, as well as he does French and German. In fact she will find him charming. He has been brought up with all the care possible under the direction of a grandfather who is by all odds the most cultivated King in Europe.

He is splendidly educated, so that for himself alone, even if he were not heir presumptive to a throne, Miss Alice might very well be glad to make his acquaintance.

Her chances of completely captivating the young Prince are excellent. He belongs, in the first place, to a most democratic and liberal-minded family. His uncle, Prince Oscar, second son of the King of Sweden, married some years ago an untitled girl, and yet his parents are on terms of perfect friendship with him and his wife.

Duke of Skane is the young man's official title, and already, in fact ever since he left the military school and became of age, the selection of a wife for him occupies the minds of all political Scandinavia.

"An American wife, with good common-sense and independence, is just the thing," says the *UPPALA NITZ* TIMING, the chief newspaper of Sweden, the Court chronicle. "It would be a splendid move for Sweden and for Gustav Adolph!"



3. Future King and Queen of Portugal.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL, barely seventeen, who visited this country with his father, King Carlos, believed he was there on a simple pleasure trip, to have a good time with all the Royal boys and girls that he might meet. Suddenly he was informed that there was one girl to whom he must be specially kind and nice.

Then for the first time he beheld dear little Victoria Patricia, youngest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, and sister of Margaret Victoria, who is to marry the little King of Spain.

She is a trifle older than Louis Phillippe, the Crown Prince. Eighteen she is, and in long dresses, while he looks still quite a schoolboy. She is lovely in the golden haired, blue-eyed, quiet way of all our Princesses.

It began from the very moment that King Edward and Queen Alexandra met and welcomed them at Portsmouth Station. Ever since then the little Crown Prince has been showing the Princess Patricia most marked attention.

They both know that a public announcement of their betrothal is at hand, and they are preparing for it as best they may. The Crown Prince Louis Phillippe visited Bagshot, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. He went all over the grounds in company of the gentle Patricia. He made acquaintance with the little pony that carried her about through the beautiful grounds when she was a baby.

The free, open-air life that she has always led has put roses in the Princess Patricia's cheeks, and made her naturally fair skin several shades darker.

Bagshot is a charming spot to make love in, even for youthful lovers. Patricia's favourite summer-house is like a bower in a fairy grove. It is surrounded by a chain fence covered with creeping pink roses, and inside this inclosure are rose beds of every shade of pink and red.

There Patricia led the Crown Prince of Portugal, and there they plighted their troth. The young people still look at each other somewhat shyly, but they believe firmly that the day will come when they will rejoice that destiny and their parents brought them together.

Meanwhile they are to grow up just a little more before the wedding day is set.

While they are growing up it is likely that they will see each other at brief intervals, for King Carlos and King Edward are the most "chummy" of contemporary rulers.

His Portuguese Majesty—who is a jovial monarch—likes to run over to England often, and now, doubtless, the Crown Prince will refuse to be left behind.



4. Crown Prince Elopes with an Actress.

THE CROWN PRINCE has fallen in love!

The news swept through turbulent Serbia the other day and created a fever of excitement.

"Who is she—a member of what Royal house?"

Courtiers and diplomats were strangely silent. The Crown Prince George, son of the reigning Peter Karageorgeovitch, had fallen in love and they were not asked to congratulate him.

In their hearts terror, unspeakable forebodings began to arise. They remembered only too vividly their late King Alexander, who gave them for Queen Draga Maskin, once lady-in-waiting to the Queen mother Natalie. They remembered the bloodshed and revolutions that this match led to.

In terror they asked the name of the young woman to whom the youthful George, heir apparent to the throne, had given his heart.

Imagine their consternation when they learned that she had not even the rank as high as that of a lady of the Court! Imagine their horror when they learned that the young woman their Prince had fallen in love with was a little *ingenue* actress named Dechauska.

He had fallen in love, and, with customary Servian unconcern for all sense of duty and decency, had run away with her.

The little Dechauska is charming.

She can be caressing, tearful, merry, demure, anything that any one wants, at will. She has learned it all in the practice of her art, in which, it is predicted, she will one day excel.

Peter's rage knew no bounds. The young woman who had so far forgotten herself should pay for it dearly. Promptly, before she had even time to think it over, she was conducted over the frontier and warned not to communicate in any way with the Crown Prince, warned and threatened with all sorts of dire consequences if she did not obey the warning.

She was in Vienna, banished like a naughty little girl. "Out of sight, out of mind," said those who wanted to make her unhappy.

All Serbia considered the affair at an end—all Serbia except the Servian of Servians, the heir apparent who had been the cause of her disgrace.

He wanted her back again, and as he couldn't get her back he determined to go in search of her. Once again he stole out of the palace, this time to Vienna, where he found the little Dechauska apparently waiting for him with a tear in her eye and a smile upon her lips.

The smile lasted for days, just a few days, then good King Peter set the wheels of his power in motion, and his son and heir was kidnapped, bodily, carried off to Belgrade, there to be held in captivity until such a time as he comes to his senses.

Meanwhile the little Dechauska, having proved to the dissatisfaction of all concerned that she has a certain power of her own, has been approached with offers of money and position if she will only relinquish all claim upon the boy, the hope of Serbia.

The King is over fifty years of age. He would welcome a Crown Princess, but an actress—never!

(The fifth article of this series will appear next week.)

FIRST SPORTING GIRL: "Yes, one can have lots of fun on the moors."
Second Sporting Girl: "So can two."

GOVERNESS: "Yes, children, the eyes enable us to see. Now, Emerson, tell me what the nose is for?"
Little Emerson: "It's for holding eye-glasses on."

"Biggins is going to send his daughter across the Channel for her voice."

"Thinks it will be cultivated in France?"
"No. He's hoping that she'll lose it on the way."

"Wasn't it brave of Chollie to rescue that child from drowning in the creek?"

"Brave? The water wasn't more than four feet deep anywhere, and Chollie knew it."

"Yes, but that was deep enough to utterly ruin the crease in his trousers."

Costly Coal.

In 1801 coal sold in London for £2 15s. a ton.

Wireless Telephony.

A Madrid professor has made successful experiments in wireless telephony at a distance of about a mile.

Seventy Miles of Tunnels.

There are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

Bird's Sight the Best.

The organ of sight is more highly developed in birds than in any animal.

Big Income Tax.

The De Beers Company pay Colonial income tax to the tune of £140,000 yearly.

Cultivated v. Wild.

Cultivated land produces 1,000 times as much, acre for acre, as wild hunting land.

Hats On in Court.

At a City inquest the coroner permitted the jury to wear their hats because the court was cold.

Little Sleep for Elephants.

The elephant in his prime sleeps only five hours a night, and the older he grows the less sleep he needs.

Not of Age Till 26.

A Russian is not of age until he is 26 years old. Until that time at least four-fifths of his earnings must go to his parents.

Deadly Railways.

More than 160,000 persons were killed or injured in a single year on the steam and electric railroads in the United States.

Snow Dries Clothes.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travellers—snow, when at a very low temperature, absorbs moisture and dries garments.

Firing Brings Rain.

After the battle of Linayang, and the more recent battles in Manchuria much rain fell, a consequence of heavy firing, repeatedly observed in war.

Costly Bite.

When eating a cake in a Paris restaurant a little girl eight years old was bitten by a hungry dog belonging to the owner, who had to pay £48 damages.

Trapped Burglars' Meals.

A burglar at Ivanova-Vomnesenak was trapped in a safe for five days, and had to gnaw the backs of ledgers to sustain existence.

Bridge-players' Mascot.

A gunmetal blackberry studded with turquoise is the favourite mascot of women bridge-players, who believe that to wear it ensures them against losses at the fascinating game.

Eel or Sea-serpent?

In the recent storm which raged on the Upper Solway the largest eel ever seen in the district was stranded off Powfoot. It measures 6 feet in length, 25 inches in girth, and weighs 5 stone.

Bloodhound at Work in a Mine.

A bloodhound was used in a mine at Newcastle to trace, if possible, the whereabouts of a missing master shifter, named Robert Minks, who had been missing for a week. The hound was unsuccessful.

A Small Pony.

A Blackburn man owns a Shetland pony which is believed to be the smallest in the kingdom. Four years old, fully grown, jet black, with a long, shaggy coat, it is only 27 in. high, or 1 in. short of seven hands.

PICKED PARS.**THE POLICE-INSPECTOR'S STRAP.**

Not many people could tell why a police-inspector wears a looped strap just protruding beneath his tunic, as shown in sketch. The reason is that when there is a procession or anything in which police are required, inspectors are mounted and are provided with swords. The strap is for keeping the sword in place.

**THE ORIGIN OF OUR NUMERALS.**

THE marks on the illustration represent sticks lying on the ground, so arranged for the purpose of counting—one of the most primitive methods. The sticks would leave their impression on the mud—the beginning of the clay tablets of Chaldea. The figures are believed to have been invented by the Akkads, before the time of the Chaldeans. They have left tablets giving the squares and cubes of a

1 (1) 1 (2) 1 (3)

□ (4) 5 (5) 6 (6)

* (7) 8 (8) 9 (9)

series of numbers. They divided the year into four seasons, and twelve months; the month into four weeks. They named the twelve signs of the Zodiac, gave us our twelve inches, twelve hours, and our English "dozen." The figure □ (4) was supplanted by the Greek delta, the fourth letter of the alphabet. The figure 7 (the sacred number) is supposed to have been a seven-rayed star, in allusion to the sun, moon, and five planets.

A NOVEL WAY OF CATCHING DUCKS.

MANY are the devices of man to capture birds, but none are as novel as that used by the natives to catch wild ducks in the shallow lakes which abound in certain parts of Japan. The hunter first adorns his head and face with a kind of water-grass which grows abundantly in the lakes, and then wades into the water until his body



is submerged up to his neck. Of course, there is nothing to scare the birds by the moving tuft of grass on his head as it is exactly like numerous others on the lake. When he gets near enough, the hunter grasps the bird by the feet and drags them under the water, thus drowning them. The above sketch illustrates the method.

Where all Trees are Evergreen.

All trees are evergreen in the Tropics.

To Prevent Horses from Slipping.

Each year about £10,000 is expended in sand in our big towns to prevent the horses from slipping.

Weight of Water.

Two hundred and twenty-four gallons of fresh water weigh a ton.

Protection for Motorists.

It is resolved in Paris to establish a motorists' protection league.

Decreases the Speed.

A six months' cruise decreases the speed of a ship 15 per cent. on an average.

Temperature of the Globe.

The average temperature of the whole globe is 50 degrees, or 18 degrees above freezing-point.

Found Everywhere.

The nettle, which has eighteen common varieties, is the most widely spread of any wild plant.

Not an Unmixed Blessing.

Mosquitoes were unknown in Switzerland until the completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel.

Queer Origin.

Coco is Spanish for bogie, and it is said the coconut was thus named for its resemblance to a distorted human face.

Result of Greater Education.

Japan's circulation of newspapers was only 28 millions in 1878. It is now 91½ millions. The City of Tokio alone has two city dailies.

Russian Deserters.

During the mobilisation of the reserves in Russia 40,000 men have failed to respond to orders, and 18,000 have escaped over the frontier.

Poetic Journal.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly in Athens. It is written entirely in verse, even the advertisements.

Not Followed by Results.

"Modern Astrology" prints a horoscope of 1905. "The outlook for the New Year is not a promising one—a national calamity is threatened."

A Cigarette Victim.

A twelve-year-old schoolboy of Stassfurt, near Magdeburg, has died of heart failure following acute nicotine poisoning, caused by excessive cigarette smoking.

Rang his Knell.

While trying to break a record in bell-ringing, Mr. Edward Hendy, of Plymouth, after ringing for three hours and ten minutes, fell forward, and died of heart disease.

New Lamps.

"Electric pearls" are a new style of glow lamps designed by M. Weissmann, Paris. They enable garlands and devices resembling necklaces of pearls to be used in decorative lighting.

Motor-Bicycle in Dahomey.

A young European recently imported a motor bicycle into Dahomey, and when he goes out for a ride men, women, and children rush out to see the "bicycle which goes by itself and fires guns all the time."

A Good Law.

Under the Belgian law, unmarried men over twenty-five have one vote, married men and widowers with families have two votes, and priests and other persons of position and education have three votes. Severe penalties are imposed on those who fail to vote.

THEIR GREATEST TREASURES. The Best-liked Things in Big People's Houses.**SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, BART.**

A curious sideboard adorns the dining-room of Sir Thomas's house in Gloucester Gardens. In fact, it can hardly be described as a "board" at all, for it happens to be a slab of stone. It is a piece of the old Plymouth breakwater, which was presented to your host's grandfather, Admiral Sir E. T. Troubridge; while its under part is made of rare foreign woods, and was used by its owner to store his collection of shells, of which he was very proud.

This same Admiral Troubridge, of whom your host shows you an excellent miniature, was a great friend of Nelson, and served with him on several vessels. Other miniatures, also Sir Thomas has to show you, of ancestors who have achieved distinction in peace as well as in war.

One of them was Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the "female Howard," so that it is almost needless to say that there are to be found on the walls of the house in Gloucester Gardens, the well-known engravings of "Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, expounding the Scriptures in Newgate," after Barrett, and "Mrs. Fry visiting Newgate (1818)," after Mrs. Wood.

In the engraving of the late Queen Victoria in the act of presenting medals to various Crimean heroes, you may note that the artist has seized the moment when the Queen is placing a medal on the breast of Colonel Sir Thomas St. Vincent Troubridge, of the Fifth or Fighting Fusiliers, your host's father, who was the only recipient who appeared before the Queen in a bath chair, as he had had portions of both his legs carried away by a round shot at Inkerman.

There is a romantic story that before going out to the Crimea, he asked your host's mother, then Miss Gurney, to whom he was engaged, whether, if he lost a leg or an arm, the engagement was still to stand; whereupon it is reported that she replied: "Yes, even if you return with only body enough to hold your soul!"

SIR WALTER HELY-HUTCHINSON (Governor of Cape Colony.)

THERE is a popular tradition that oak is black, but the oak of "Court Lodge," the pleasant house at Shorne, near Gravesend, which Sir Walter makes his home when on leave of absence in this country, contradicts it flatly. It is a light brown colour, but gloriously rich, and the polish wonderfully deep.

None of this oak, as a matter of fact, is of English growth, or of English carving; for the original owner of the house, the ancestor of Sir Walter's landlord, was a captain who obtained it from a Spanish ship he captured in those far-off days when the maritime power of England was opposed to that of Spain.

In the drawing-room, the ridged ceiling presents a novel appearance. It is painted blue, and studded with stars, thus forming an effective contrast with the brown of the oak. A notably fine leopard skin also does duty for a hearth-rug. The body of the beast, which had just been killed, adorned the platform from which Sir Walter was addressing a concourse of natives on one occasion in the Cape Colony.

Opening out of the hall, is a room which Sir Walter tells you his sons have dignified by the name of the Armoury. It is lined with savage instruments of destruction—Fiji clubs, Matabelle battle-axes, and Zulu knobkerries and "close-quarter" as well as "throwing" assegais.

It was Panda, King of Zululand, and father of the renowned Cetewayo, who took away the throwing assegais from his people and gave them the other, which he insisted had to be brought back stained with blood under divers pains and penalties, a fact which made a Zulu so formidable an opponent a quarter of a century ago.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (Alderman John Pears).

As befits the home of a man of great dignity and plain English name, solid simplicity is the keynote to the furnishings and appointments of the handsome reception rooms at "Stammore," Highbury New Park, the large, old-fashioned house which the Lord Mayor has made his abode for close on forty years. Before that he lived in Leadenhall Street, where he was born so far back as 1820.

The worthy Alderman, indeed, is a Londoner of Londoners, and the esteem in which he has long been held by his colleagues in civil office is attested by a multitude of presentation timepieces, statuettes, and illuminated addresses.

On a table in the drawing-room is also an inscribed silver trowel, which was used by its owner in planting a tree at Burnham Beeches on a public occasion; though among the various mementoes and knick-knacks which surround it there is nothing—so the Lady Mayoress and Miss Pound laughingly assure you—which the Lord Mayor has greater satisfaction in possessing than the handsome silver cigarette case which he won as a prize not long since at a progressive whist party.

The Lord Mayor, indeed, despite his years, looks the picture of health and vigour. As a young man he was noted as a powerful swimmer, and if you are fortunate you may prevail on him to unearth for your inspection sundry trophies of his prowess in the water in those early days.

Among civic portraits, and pictures illustrative of civic courts and ceremonies, in some cases autographed by those present at the gatherings represented, hangs more than one noticeably clever sea-piece painted by the Lord Mayor's younger unmarried daughter, Miss Annie Pound, whose work gives evidence of conspicuous artistic talent.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original paragraph used on the second column. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

REMARKABLE NEW SERIES.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE KAISER.

[The Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" has obtained the exclusive right to publish in serial form this remarkable book, which has created so much attention on the Continent. He wishes to say that he does not hold himself responsible for any of the opinions expressed in it. The book is written by "A Lady of Title and Position," who was for some years in the Kaiser's retinue.]

CHAPTER II. (continued.)

The Busy Kaiser.

I do not propose to weary the reader by attempting a detailed account of the Kaiser's employments—of when he deigns to get up and when he "graciously" retires; works at governing, and governs the work of others; listens to reports and asserts himself; fences, rides, drives, and what not.

These are matters for the official chronicler to record, and the reader will find them nicely done up in parcels, bound with black, white, and red ribbon, in various accounts of the Kaiser's life as the Kaiser sees it—that life which is but a "whirligig of hard labour for the good of the people and for the peace of Europe."

The Kaiser imagines he is going through one of these high-minded performances continuously, whether he draws plans for an impossible battle-ship, or part of the civil list, or reads a speech from the throne—it is all fish in the net of Imperial aggrandisement thrown out at random to entwine loyal minds at home and abroad—people think it an honour to be dazzled by princes.

The underlying idea of these chronicles and kindred efforts is to keep up the myth of incessant service rendered to the crown, a martyrdom of work broken occasionally by a stroke of genius, such as writing a novel, painting a landscape, conceiving a series of allegorical pictures, composing music, or inventing this, that, or the other thing.

The Kaiser's Work.

I do not deny that the Emperor performs these various tasks—after a fashion that will be explained in another place; but I gainsay the Herculean nature imputed to most of them, and, furthermore, distinctly reject the idea that they are undertaken to alleviate a mind staggering under the weight of responsibilities and burdened by excessive desk-work. We can well imagine Frederick II. ordering a flute concert to be improvised after a day's work in the field, or Napoleon, flying from victory to victory in Italy, needing his Josephine; but these were men of consummate brain-power, men who, after tiring out twenty geniuses a day, needed but the tonic of sweet melodies, or an hour of their wife's society, to be ready for another siege of labour.

The Kaiser is not made of the clay of Frederick the Great, nor of that of Napoleon, be he ever so clever a masquerader in the lion's skin. At school and at college the highest degree attained by him was "satisfactory"—another pupil, being no more satisfactory, would probably have been called incompetent.

His attempt at handling large masses of troops, in the presence of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Saxony, in Silesia, September, 1890, led to disaster, while Count Waldersee preferred to resign as Chief of the General Staff rather than permit the Emperor to meddle with his department and "periodically discharge batteries of well-meant ignorance at him," as the General told Bismarck during a visit to Friedrichshagen shortly after assuming command of the Ninth Corps.

His Finery.

"My indefatigability," "my prowess," are perpetual themes with the Kaiser, and "You should have seen von Hülsen or von Kessel (both adjutants) puff and gasp after our half-hour's fencing, while I was as fresh as if I had just stepped from my bath," is one of his favourite boasts.

He omits, however, to state that, while wearing a linen jacket himself, these functionaries are encased in their stiff-collared long-frocked uniforms, weighted down by silver tassels and braid, and with a heavy sabre at their side, labouring, moreover, under the difficulty of having to court defeat, for it would not only be imprudent, but even dangerous, to beat His Majesty. No wonder the gentlemen lose their breath.

The Kaiser would like to see the entire military force of the Fatherland personified in one being, that he might practise on it as on a lay figure—march, turn about face, take the ditch, prostrate yourself, stand on your head—but, considering that the Reichstag has a voice in the matter of public expenditure, His Majesty must be content to keep but two adjutants continuously employed.

These gentlemen, together with the members of the military household, including representatives of all arms and of the navy, rarely leave the Kaiser's presence. Their office adjoins His Majesty's study on one side, and is connected with the orderlies' room on the other, wherever the Court is established.

Nearer to the Kaiser than all these faithful servants are his two dachshunds, called Teckels, biting,

Copyright—All rights reserved.]

snarling little brutes, with jaws measuring half the length of their smooth bodies, and a corresponding penchant for people's calves, skirts, and petticoats. These pets follow His Majesty everywhere, and when they make inroads on folks' flesh and blood, or clothes, the Kaiser, who protects and coddles them, thinks it huge fun.

Whether the cunning Teckels know their Imperial patron's overpowering position, I cannot say; but it looks almost like it, for, in the exuberance of their mischievous spirits, even the little propriety pounded into them in their earliest youth is now neglected, and Court-marshal von Eulenburg, whose pleasant duty it is to make both ends meet in the Royal household, has his hands full covering up the damage to furniture, decorations, and bric-à-brac in the Teckels' path, or to such articles as they are able to reach by the high vaults that the Kaiser has taught them.

"Why don't you poison the beasts?" once said Eulenburg's colleague, pious Baron von Mirbach, who is on the Empress's staff, when his Excellency had wearied him with a jeremiad about the dachshunds' wickedness.

"I have thought of that myself, and would gladly go to this extremity, seeing that it meets with your most Christian approval, if I were sure that there would be no successors. But His Majesty might take it into his head to surround himself with Danish hounds, like Bismarck, and then none of us would be safe."

CHAPTER III.

Vanderbilt Treated Like a Beggar.

ONLY during the absence of their Majesties are visitors admitted to the New Palais—a rule from which there is absolutely no appeal. Even Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, whom the Emperor personally regards as the very richest man in the world—the Kaiser has not a great head for figures, as already shown—even Mr. Vanderbilt, I say, was on one occasion turned away from our gate like a beggar, or some Hungry Joe of the road. It happened in October, 1891, and made quite a stir in the palace.

Mr. Vanderbilt, it appears, had driven to the castle over the Royal highway, and his coach was about to enter one of the outer gates, when the sentinel stationed there, observing the lack of a known and so-called "courtly" livery on the part of the driver and footman, stopped the horses and demanded a card of admission.

"This is His Majesty's friend," said Jacques Hartog, Mr. Vanderbilt's courier, with an air of magnificent assurance, but the soldier only stared the harder.

"Your pass, Herr!" repeated the infantryman. "You don't understand things. This is Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire!" Hartog was pleading now.

Ordered Out.

As the word "American" struck the sentinel's long ears, he raised his gun, for his lieutenant had taught him that the United States is "one of those confounded republics," totally devoid of a king, or princes, or even a respectable standing army.

"Turn," he commanded, in his most pompous voice, and apparently unmindful of Hartog's very existence—"Turn, right about face, forward, march! March, I say, and march, a third time, or I will shoot!"

The guardsman kept his gun levelled on the intruders until the coach containing the lord of twice as many good, round dollars as the Emperor has subjects, vanished behind a cloud of fine white dust, and there is no telling what would have happened if Hartog, who has a well-established reputation for pugnaciousness and obstinacy, had endeavoured to run the blockade in order to please his rich patron; for these sentinels carry sharp cartridges, and if they shoot—and they often do so on provocation—they fire to kill.

I cannot remember now whether the public honouring of a sentinel, by the Emperor, who, while on duty, shot down some poor wretch, happened previously to Mr. Vanderbilt's unsuccessful attempt to visit the Royal domain, or not.

In that case, His Majesty called the offender to the front, shook him by the hand, and assured him of his Royal grace, saying: "I am proud to commend you as an obedient and courageous soldier; such devotion as yours will always meet with my highest approval," or words to that effect.

But I do know that the meeting was earnestly discussed in the Imperial family and the castle about a month later, after the Emperor had delivered his famous speech at the swearing-in of the Potsdam recruits.

There are two versions of that address. The one which the majority of newspapers printed at the time

reads: "Children of my guard, you are now my soldiers—mine, body and soul! You have sworn to obey all my commands; you must follow my rules and my advice without grumbling. It means that, from this day on, you durst know but one enemy, and that enemy is my enemy. And if I command you some day—and may God grant that I am never driven to this extremity—if I command you, I repeat, to fire upon your own relatives, your sisters and parents perhaps, remember your oath!"

That version is terrible enough; but, compared with the original draft of the speech, which I happen to have seen on the Kaiser's desk, the words actually said may be almost characterised as tame.

There it was, in William's tall, forcible-rounded hand:

"Recruits! Remember that the German army must be as ready to fight enemies that may rise in our midst, as foreign foes."

"Shoot Down Your Own Relatives!"

"To-day, disbelief and discontent are rampant in the Fatherland to a heretofore unheard-of degree; consequently, I may call upon you at any time to shoot down and strike to the ground your own relatives—father and mother, sisters and brothers."

"My orders in that respect must be executed cheerfully and without grumbling, like any other command I may issue. You must do your duty, no matter what your hearts' dictates are. And now go home and attend to your new duties."

I came upon this document quite accidentally, the Empress having ordered me to fetch from the desk in the Kaiser's study the calendar whereon His Majesty's engagements in and out of town are registered—if I am not mistaken, my august mistress desired to know the date of the Torgau jubilee (November 25)—and the precious composition was written on blank spaces between the dates I had to examine.

"Monstrous!" I thought, reading over for the second time what William had the folly to indite and not wit enough to keep to himself; my heart trembled with anxiety for both country and Emperor. And to think that he memorised this murderous self-apotheosis within earshot of his wife, and with his innocent babies sleeping above!

It troubled me a good deal during the night, but next morning's news quickly took the load off my shoulders, for Her Majesty remarked that the Kaiser was much pleased with the impression his speech had produced—that of striking terror into the hearts of Socialists and others opposed to the Imperial will.

[This remarkable book, exclusively published serially in "Pearson's Weekly," began on January 12th, and will be continued next week.]

NOT OLD AGE.

"WEEL, John, how are you to-day?" asked a Scottish minister, on meeting one of his parishioners.

"Gey weel, sir; gey weel," replied John cautiously; "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in the right leg."

"Ah, John, be thankful, for there is no mistake you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone."

"Auld age, sir," returned John, "I wonder to hear ye. Auld age has naething tae dae wi't. Here's my ither leg jist as auld, an' it's soond and soople yet."

"She is a very sweet girl."

"Why, the heartless flirt has promised to marry four different men."

"Well, that's what I mean; her manners are most engaging."

MINISTER: "So you don't think I practise what I preach, deacon?"

DEACON: "Well, considering that you have been preaching on the subject of resignation for the past thirty-seven years, I don't quite think you do."

NATURALLY.

EDITH: "There is one thing in particular that I like Mr. Tactin for. He is so frank, you know. He always tells me of my faults without the least hesitation. That was the agreement I caused him to make."

BERTHA: "And you mean to say that you do not get angry with him?"

EDITH: "Never."

BERTHA: "Tell me some of the faults he has found in you."

EDITH: "Oh, he hasn't found any yet. When I ask him to name them he always says that I am faultless."

Be Generous!

and give a coloured miniature of yourself away to someone you are fond of. This is how to do it: Take the photograph of which you wish the miniature made, and on it write your name and address, colour of hair (dark or light), complexion (pale or florid) and colour of eyes. Then send it, with a postal order for 1s. 6d. and two stamps for postage of miniature, to MINIATURES (Dept. 56), C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. When ordering, state whether the miniature is to be in the form of a pin, pendant, brooch, or bangle charm.

Are you reading "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," the great new serial now running in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE? If not, buy the February number, now on sale, and begin to-day.

My Notebook.

FOR thirteen years the most popular feature of P.W. has been page 16, that is, the Replies to Correspondents. From to-day you will find here an overflow from that page. I do not intend to make it quite on the lines of page 16. For instance, I do not propose to give replies, though I will do so when occasion requires on subjects not easily discussed on the other page.

I HAD intended to start off with a conundrum, but I haven't time to-day to build one. Here is the answer to the one I would construct if I had the leisure: One is a poor singer, and the other is Singapore. Three P.W. penknives for the three best suggestions sent to Mr. Notebook not later than Tuesday next.

BY-THE-WAY, a conundrum constructor, whose name is unfortunately unknown to fame, has found out that the difference between a sweetheart and a wife is almost akin to the difference between a gold-headed cane and the nose on your face. What is it? Three more penknives under ditto conditions.

THE other day when news came of the trouble in Russia I turned over again the pages of Mr. Henry Norman's "All the Russias" and there found an interesting description of the bedroom of Tsar Alexander II., which is kept exactly as it was on the morning he left it. He was brought back to this room within an hour, bleeding to death from injuries inflicted by the assassin's bomb. As the room was, so it remains. The half-smoked cigarette lies upon the ash-tray in a glass tube, a little revolver lies before the mirror. Upon each of the tables and upon several chairs is a loosely-folded clean handkerchief, for it was the Tsar's wish to have one of these always within reach of his hand. There lie all his toilet articles—a few plain bottles and brushes. It is all modest beyond belief, and the brushes are half worn.

RUSSIA, of course, is the one topic of the moment. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the murder of Alexander II. In spite of her secret police, Russia is a volcano, and has been for a hundred years. Every now and then fire leaps up to indicate what is raging within—just as at the present moment. The flame dies down again, and officials tell you that all is peace again and order reigns—just as at the present moment. But all is not peace. There was a revolution nipped in the bud on the day that they crowned Nicholas I., and the city re-echoed, not with those rejoicings and maddening proper to the occasion, but to the roar of cannon, loaded with grape-shot, fired into the mob. The fires still smouldered during the reign of Nicholas, and were not extinguished when Alexander came to the throne.

"My son is an old woman," the stern Nicholas had said of Alexander, and there is no fight in history between authority and lawlessness more fierce, more unnatural, more horrible than that between the mob and the Tsar of that day. And the mob won.

I HAVE often been impressed by the profound and extensive knowledge possessed by barbers. Like the late George Augustus Sala, they know everything, and like him they do not always know it very well. They are politicians at times, and it is bad for a peaceful Conservative to be delivered in a state of helplessness and lather to the tender mercies of a Radical shaver. They are Turfites before everything; they always know the winner, and are walking RACING CALENDARS. Occasionally they will go into the "ologies" and the "isms." A hairdresser in Bootle has this week gone in for spelling reform, and urges us to drop the final "u" in words so ending, and spell dialog, catalog, prolog, etc., etc. Well, I won't. I am willing to drop the "u" to a limited extent, but when my friend asks me to spell glue, gl, and ague, ag, I protest.

I WONDER what is the life of a joke? Nearly twenty years ago when I was editing *TITS-BITS*, and before *Pearson's Weekly* was even thought of, I wrote the following:

ONLY A BABY.—This is a baby. It is a girl baby. How sloppy its chin is! How red its eyes! What horrid contortions it makes with its face! See how savagely it kicks! How like a demon it yells! Yet, in a few short years some man will be half crazed with wild suspense, worshipping the very air this being breathes, devoutly kneeling at her feet and frantically begging for one word, one pressure of the hand, even a look, which will give him hope.

It had two years' good run round and round the world, then I lost trace of it. It was in an American paper last week, so, I suppose, is in for a new lease of life.

A GOOD editor will devote the best part of his working week, and the whole of his spare time, if he has any, to the serial story, and those of you who have read "Rags and Riches" from the beginning may remember my foreword to it. I told you there the history of it, of the

letters and interviews between the author and myself. Some day I should like to write a history of the serial story. It has never been done, and would make fascinating reading. Here is an incident: When SMITH'S WEEKLY started it commenced with "The Clatter of the Clogs," a story of Lancashire life. Three weeks before it ended the editor of that paper had a pathetic letter from a man living in one of the suburbs of London, who said he was dying, and would the Editor grant the last request a dying man could make, and tell him the conclusion of the story.

THE Editor was interested, perhaps fascinated, with the novelty of the suggestion. He went himself to the address given, half believing the thing to be a joke or a hoax. But, no! it was sincere and genuine. And for half an hour the Editor sat at the sick man's bedside, and read to him till the story was finished.

Now comes the climax! Last week the Editor of SMITH'S WEEKLY had a letter from the man who was to be dead. He was very much alive—convalescent but not cured, and a few stamps were inclosed. Would the Editor please send the back numbers of "The Clatter of the Clogs," and many thanks, etc., etc.?

MR. NOTEBOOK.

NOT SUFFICIENT.

THE young man with the long hair, tallowy complexion, and bundle of manuscript, approached the editor's desk.

"Here is something," he said, "I wrote myself." The editor glanced hastily through the manuscript, and then looked at the author. "That is a sufficient explanation," he replied, handing it back, "but is hardly an adequate apology."

THE man who has half an hour to spare generally drops in and occupies a half an hour that belongs to some other man.

HIS FATHER: "Look here, Tom, have you really gone and engaged yourself to that widow without my consent?"

Tom (gloomily): "I did it without my own consent."

"YOUR son has a fine touch, Mrs. Moriarty." "Yis; an' shure it's no wonder he loves the piano and niver tires of it. He has great taste for music, and this is only natural, for his grandfather had his head broken with a cornet at a picnic."

EXHIBITED.

AN English gentleman who resided in China for many years tells the following story in illustration of the peculiar knavery of the Chinese character:

A stout gentleman, well known in China, was some years ago fêted at Taiwan for two or three days, "the observed of all observers," he being an immense man, and a good specimen of a Transatlantic Anglo-Saxon; but the series of crowded visits he received at length became troublesome, and he found he was being made too much of.

The fact was, he was being exhibited, a charge being made for the exhibition.

GEORGE: "I know I am not worthy of you, but—" Ethel: "Don't ever say that again; it's no use worrying over what you can't help."

CHOLLY: "What are you laughing at?" Dolly: "Your whiskers." Cholly: "Is there anything humorous in the appearance of my whiskers?" Dolly: "No, but somehow they tickle me."

YOUNG WIFE: "Doesn't this cake remind you of the kind your mother used to make?"

YOUNG HUSBAND: "Yes, dear. Oh, those happy childhood days—what a digestion I used to have then, to be sure!"

J. M. BARRIE'S THANKS.

MR. BARRIE, it appears, does not confine his wit and humour to plays and novels. Unless the following story be apocryphal he sometimes uses the telegraph form as a medium.

It is said that the understudy of a well-known actor at a West-end theatre—we could give names if we would!—when called on to fill his principal's rôle was fired with an uncontrollable desire to make himself known to the critics and other useful people.

So he sent round telegrams—to Mr. Barrie among the rest—intimating that he was to play Mr. —'s part that night at the —.

Someone asked Mr. Barrie if he had had the message.

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"But, of course, you didn't answer?"

"Oh, but it was only polite to send an answer after he had taken the trouble to wire me," came the unexpected rejoinder.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I just telegraphed him, 'Thanks for timely warning.'"

WHEN WARS LULL.

Other Armies besides those at the Shaho which have been Content to "Lay Low."

THERE has been practically no fighting between the Russian army under Kuropatkin and the Japanese army under Kuroki since the 15th of October, the last day of the terrible battle of the Shaho (at least, up to the time of writing), which resulted in the former being driven back on Mukden with a loss of 60,000 killed and wounded.

During all the weary weeks which followed that titanic struggle, right up to the present moment, the rival forces, strongly entrenched, have remained facing one another on opposite sides of the river in masterly inactivity.

"What are they waiting for?" asks the man in the street. And echo answers, "What?"

Only this we know, that similar inexplicable lulls—inexplicable, that is to say, to the spectators—have occurred in nearly all campaigns.

Take our own Peninsular War, for instance.

From the beginning of October, 1810, until the end of March, 1811, Wellington lay snugly entrenched behind his lines at Torres Vedras, and resolutely declined to give battle to the French Marshal Massena.

In vain the Government at home besought the Iron Duke to resume the offensive. In vain his antagonist tried to draw him out by feigned retreat.

Wellington, like Brer Rabbit, preferred to "lay low."

But all the while he was perfecting his plans, and when he did at length take the field, it was to such good purpose that the French were driven, not out of Portugal alone, but out of Spain also, and across the Pyrenees back into their own country.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night."

How tired the American people got of seeing that phrase repeated day after day in the newspapers during the earlier months of the great Civil War.

The Potomac River formed roughly the dividing line between the slave-holding States, which were in revolt, and the free States, which were loyal.

Along its northern bank were massed the Federal armies, under the supreme command of General McClellan.

To the stay-at-homes seated in their easy-chairs at Washington, nothing seemed easier than for that officer to cross the river, invade the South, and crush the rebellion. And Press and public alike never ceased throughout the winter of 1861-62 urging him to do so.

But McClellan absolutely refused to be hurried. He knew that the South was a vast armed camp; he knew that his men were but raw levies; and he set resolutely to work to transform what was something not very unlike an undisciplined mob into an efficient fighting machine.

Then, his initial preparations complete, he consented to strike. And when his erstwhile critics saw the stubborn resistance of the "rebels," read of 50,000 and 60,000 men killed and wounded in a single battle, and of square miles of country deluged in blood, they knew that he had been right.

Very lengthy indeed was the lull which, in the Sudan War, followed the fall of Khartoum.

The British, acting under instructions from the Government in London, fell back upon Wady Halfa, and sat tight there for eleven solid years, without making any pretence of resuming the offensive.

Dervish raids were of constant occurrence. And twice—in 1886 at Giniss, and again in 1889 at Toski—pitched battles were fought.

The latter was the result of the formidable Emir Wad-el-N'jumi's attempt to invade Upper Egypt. He advanced with his army to almost within sight of Wady Halfa; but was totally defeated by General Sir Francis Grenfell, after seven hours' hard fighting.

But even then no attempt was made to follow up the victory, and the Khalifa was left to "stew in his own juice" until March, 1896, when the series of forward movements under Lord Kitchener, which ended in the overthrow of the Mahdi's successors and the final pacification of the country, was begun.

Very brief but intensely dramatic was the lull in the Franco-Prussian War after Sedan.

It seemed almost as if both nations were paralysed, the one by the awfulness of the disaster, the other by the unexpected completeness of its victory.

At all events, a blight fell upon officers and privates alike, and there was very little more fighting until the investment of their capital, fourteen days later, goaded the French into a renewed and terrible activity. Similar instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

In the Crimea, after the battle of the Alma, both sides suspended serious operations, as if by common consent, until Balaklava.

And everyone remembers how the temporary supineness of the Boers after General Prinsloo's surrender, and the series of crushing blows that immediately followed, led Lord Roberts into the mistaken belief—which he publicly stated—that there was "nothing now left of the enemy's army but a few marauding bands."

SHOULD WIVES HAVE SALARIES?

Many Domestic Disagreements would be Spared if this were Done.

THE monetary relations between husband and wife are seldom completely satisfactory, because there is no just system in vogue for the proper apportionment of the income.

A man and his wife are usually supposed to be equal partners in the family revenue. This, however, is, as a rule, far from being the case.

In some instances we see a man slaving his life away, and denying himself every luxury, in order to meet the extravagances of an imprudent spouse. In other cases the wife has to cut and contrive in order to compensate for the profuse wastefulness of an unthrifty husband.

The partner idea, as regards spending the cash, is a useful and splendid one when both partners are actuated by prudent motives and a constant desire to spend the income with a view to each other's mutual advantage. But partnerships of this kind are rare.

The aim of a great many husbands is to keep their wives' expenditure down to the lowest possible figure; the aim of a great many wives is to spend as much money as they safely can without a serious protest from their husbands.

When a husband is naturally prone to extravagance, it is, of course, good for him that he should be gently but firmly restrained if he is fortunate enough to possess a wife who is able and willing to do so.

In such a case the wife should be the predominant partner as regards the exchequer. She should point out to her too open-handed spouse the advisability and necessity of his allowing her to have the disposal of the family funds. This can be urged on the ground of mutual present and future benefit, and the benefit of the children, if any.

Having come to a perfectly friendly understanding on the matter, the wife might easily allow her lord a certain fixed, agreed-upon sum weekly for pocket-money, and the purchase of unimportant requirements.

There are, of course, many thousands of cases in which this is already done, and the arrangement works admirably.

The man who hands his income over to his wife is generally saved a great deal of worry, time, wasteful expense, and temptation. The pocket-money which he retains may vary from a shilling a week up to any much higher figure.

In such circumstances a woman would, of course,

require no salary, as in her direction of the common funds her own necessities would be provided for.

Domestic trouble over money matters, however, usually occurs in cases where the husband controls the finances, merely making his wife a, probably, not over-adequate allowance for housekeeping.

Under such conditions the wife has of necessity to stint the living, at the risk of daily grumbling, or to ask her husband for every shilling she wants to spend. This is what causes the irritation which is so often felt.

It does not much matter whether requests for money by the wife are cheerfully and readily complied with or not. The point is that wives do not like having to ask for, as a favour, that which they consider is theirs by right.

In such circumstances the difficulty may, of course, be met by a generously disposed husband making his wife such a liberal allowance for housekeeping purposes that it will cover also her expenses for dress and all other personal requirements. This plan, however, is open to objection, and may be the cause of misunderstanding.

Occasional gifts of pocket-money are also a far from satisfactory method of keeping a wife's monetary wants supplied. The best way to insure her happiness, independence, and her husband's peace, is for him to give her a regular weekly salary in addition to the settled sum for housekeeping.

Among the other reasons may be mentioned the fact that a weekly wage for the wife would be a more businesslike arrangement than the present haphazard style which is usually adopted, and would consequently often save misunderstanding.

It would also save the wife the tinge of annoyance inseparable from having to ask for money. The annoyance of having to refuse or grant requests for cash would also be saved some husbands.

Many men would much prefer to pay out a regular sum with a complete knowledge of the full extent of their liabilities, even if in the end it cost them more than the usual spasmodic, unexpected disbursements.

Then, again, a regular weekly income, however small, would be a little solid recognition of a wife's services, and in the case of husbands who never think a word of praise is needed, this should be a consideration of some importance.

Another reason why a wife should have a salary is that it would enable her to be more generous at her own expense. It would increase her joy in giving; especially as regards her presents to her husband, who would also more fully appreciate the gifts of his spouse than he does now under the usual system.

FOUGHT IT OUT.

On one occasion a page-boy, whom he had recently engaged, astonished a well-known doctor by appearing to wait at breakfast with a swollen face, and a pair of unmistakable black eyes.

"Why, John," said the master, "you seem to have been fighting."

"Yes, sir; I have," was the reply.

"And who may your opponent have been?"

"Why, sir, Dr. Mill's boy."

"And what did you fall out about, pray?"

"Why, sir, he said as you wasn't fit to clean his master's shoes."

"And what did you say?"

"Well, sir, I said as how you was."

"WHATSOEVER is the matter with Fido?"

"Oh, isn't it horrid. I gave him to the laundress to wash, and she starched him."

MRS. NEWLYRICHE: "Well, of all the impudence!"

Mr. Newlyriche: "What is it, Hannah?"

Mrs. Newlyriche: "Them poor cousins of yours have gone and got themselves the same identical ancestors that you've got."

HE: "I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?"

SHE: "Oh, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bathe with orange blossom water, and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month."

"MY WRITIN'."

A CLERK was standing behind the counter of a telegraph office in a large town, when an old farmer came in and asked for "one of them pieces of paper what folks send telegrams on."

The clerk showed him where he would find pencil and forms. The old man went off, and when he had completed his message he handed it over the counter with the remark:

"How much 'ull that stand us in, mister?"

He paid the money, and was just going off, when he was asked by the clerk for two or three words, as he was unable to make them out.

The old man turned back, and in a very stern voice replied:

"Look here, young man, you be impertinent; them as that is going to 'ull know my writin'."

DOCTOR REPORTS

That he put on 36lb. by Food.

FEED a physician back to health and he gains an experience that he can use to benefit others. For this reason Grape-Nuts food is daily recommended to patients by hundreds of physicians who have cured themselves of stomach trouble. One doctor says:—

"Although a physician and trying to aid and assist my fellow beings to enjoy good health, it must be admitted I formerly did not enjoy the best of health myself. In January, 1899, I only weighed 8st. 7lb. At this time I began to think I had about seen my best days. One day I had an opportunity to try Grape-Nuts food for my breakfast. I liked it so well that I ate three teaspoonfuls three times a day and have regularly used it up to the present time, and I now weigh 11st. 11lb., a gain of 36lb., and I enjoy the best of health."

"Not only has Grape-Nuts made this wonderful change, but through it I have helped my friends, relatives, and patients. The sustaining power of this food is simply wonderful."

"I have one patient, a labouring man, who eats nothing in the morning but four tablespoonfuls of

Grape-Nuts, and yet does his very hard work up to lunch time and enjoys the best of health and strength."

"I could name a great many cases like this, and I still prescribe Grape-Nuts in my practice every day."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

Ask any physician about the scientific principles on which Grape-Nuts food is made. He will tell you the principles are perfect.

Then a ten days' trial proves that the principles are carried out in the food ("all the good of the grains so treated that anyone can digest it all"). Shown in renewed physical strength and brain energy.

"There's a reason."

Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

DOCTOR'S GAIN.

Medicine Failed, but he got back to Health on Food.

PROPER food helps doctors really more than anything else in many cases.

A well-known specialist says:

"I have been afflicted with rheumatism and stomach

trouble for about four years, and have taken my own medicine, also received treatment from other doctors, but I did not seem to get relief."

"One year ago I made arrangements to go under a special line of treatment, but just then my father was taken so ill that I could not leave him. At that time we both began to use Grape-Nuts food three times a day, and soon found some remarkable changes going on."

"It not only cured my father, but it has completely cured my stomach trouble, and has done my rheumatism more good than all the drugs I have ever taken. It has also helped a great many of my patients."

"From my observation I am convinced there is more strength in one package of Grape-Nuts than there is in many pounds of beef or bread."

"All of my own nervousness and sleeplessness are gone, and I have increased my weight from 8st. 3lb. to 10st. 11lb., so you see the food has made me robust and healthy." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, E.C.

It is an undisputed fact that there is more nourishment the body can use in one pound of Grape-Nuts than in ten pounds of meat, wheat, oats, or bread, as trial quickly proves. "There's a reason."

Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

How much do you earn

It costs with you whether you are content to earn the same low salary, year in year out, or whether you desire to double your present salary and get into a good position. We can qualify you to enter the ranks of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering by our system of instruction by post, direct to your home, in your spare time, and so

Enable You to Double Your Salary.

We have been the means of doing this for thousands of people, and can do the same for you. If you will take the trouble to write we will send you FREE our interesting book, "How to Become an Electrical and Mechanical Engineer." It tells you what we can do for you, and gives you proof of our many years' success. Write now!

It is too good to lose!

The Electrical Engineering Institute of Correspondence Instruction, 404 Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

Do you wish for more

Old Soaps

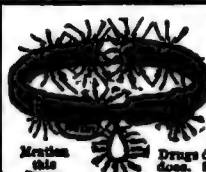
Nobody wants the old soaps after using Fels-Naptha once.

But go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London

To Asthma Sufferers.

Instant relief is gained in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of FORTY-EIGHT HOURS CURE. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists in time at 1/-, Test it free of charge. Send post-card to FORTY-EIGHT HOURS CURE, Artillery Lane, London, E.C., for Free Sample. Kindly mention this paper



WEAK MEN and WOMEN

Can obtain strength and vigour by the use of DR. FIKER'S ELECTRIC BELT. A wonderful Restorative. The most Scientific Electrical Appliance ever made. Drugs do not cure. This Belt does. Send stamp (any coin) for "Booklet No. 1" Write to-day. Call or address, Arisnoe Electric Co., Nos. 11 & 13, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

Your face suffers when you use bad soap. Use only Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., 65 Great Russell St., London.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

The Original Cocoa, and a Speciality, being distinguished from all others by its invigorating nutritious qualities and its delicious flavour. This Cocoa, containing as it does all the substance of the Cocoa Nib, maintains its leading position after three-quarters of a Century as the best form of Cocoa for every-day use.

COCOA

The most Nutritious and Economical.

Russia: the Chances of a Revolution.

IT HAS - - BEGUN.

By a Russian Exile now in London.

STEP by step in quick succession, Russian misrule is being wiped out. The reign of the powerful few is nearly at an end. The first days of the revolution are at hand, and reform will follow soon, but not without much bloodshed.

So long delayed, it is hard to realise that red revolution has indeed broken out. There is no doubt about it. Now is Russia's hour of salvation. I know the plans of the people. They are mature, and success is certain. The vague unrest that has so long filled men's minds has ended in open revolt, and all down-trodden Russia braces itself for a final grip with the vile forces of corruption and oppression. The people are confident.

The steps which have led to this final outburst are plain.

When de Plehve fell by the hand of an assassin, any but a blind and corrupt Government would have drawn a useful moral. It showed plainly that the people's burdens were fostering the spirit of desperation. It proved how surely and swiftly desperate men can act.

Russian rulers took no heed. They trusted in their secret service to prevent other crimes. But they trusted to a broken reed. The spirit of reform was abroad in the land, and the courage to act was strong in the hearts of the people. To save Russia they are ready to do anything.

The occasion of the meeting of the Zemstvos, or local councils, should have impressed upon the authorities the danger of the situation. The ferment among the people showed itself in the recommendations of reform made by these councils, whose views on a liberal policy had been sought.

Days of intense excitement followed the publication of their reports. How would their suggestions be received? This natural outlet for the expression of the people's will seemed likely to be a safety valve whence dangerous tendencies would escape.

Hope was, however, transformed into fury when these same Zemstvos were severely censured by the Tsar for having dared to say what the Empire needed. Once again the tide of feeling turned towards revolutionary measures, for the people had been deceived and no reforms were contemplated.

At this moment the figure of Father Gapon assumes unusual importance. A priest of the national Church, by his stirring words he has roused the great mass of workers in St. Petersburg. With one accord he is made their mouthpiece in a final attempt to gain the ear of the Tsar and to lay before him all their hardships.

A great but humble petition to the Tsar is prepared, and Father Gapon, at the head of thousands of men, women and children, himself carrying a cross as an emblem of the peacefulness of his mission, and with guarantees for the safety of the Tsar, approaches the palace, to meet the Tsar face to face.

They are met instead by the soldiery, who tell them that the Tsar will not see them.

The critical moment is reached. To retire would be to acknowledge failure. The priest determined to press towards the palace—still without a thought of violence. They are stopped again, and Russia, to her eternal shame, fires upon the defenceless multitude, killing them in thousands, even to the little children.

Mischief is now afoot. Indignation gives place to maddened fury, and the thousands of strikers become the fiercest of revolutionaries. Immediately the streets become like a shambles; human life is of no account, a reign of terror is commenced.

They had cried aloud for redress. "We are being suffocated and stifled under despotism; and we have arrived at the terrible moment when death is preferable to a continuance of our unbearable torments." Such were the words they addressed to their Tsar—their Father—but their Father heeded them not.

But the cup of their bitterness was even then overflowing, and all down-trodden Russians, from Archangel to Sebastopol, are bracing themselves for the great national effort for justice and liberty.

Nor will the watching world be shocked if, in their zeal to wipe out the old hated order, they are guilty of some of those devastating excesses which invariably accompany popular upheavals.

Who is bold enough to say that these people have not right on their side? Their very certainty of success betokens the absolute justice of their cause, and this will keep them in heart and spirits through any persecution that may come their way before their final triumph. They are organised, and they have determination.

As to the future. One thing is certain, and it is that the revolutionists will do just what they are driven to do in order to obtain their ends.

IT CAN NEVER COME.

By a Member of the Russian Aristocracy.

THERE will be no Russian revolution. The country is not yet ripe for self-government, and the majority of the people do not even desire it.

The present insurrection is practically confined to the strikers and other unemployed workers in the large towns. They have been incited to rebellion by the Socialists.

The revolutionary party form a very small proportion of the populace of Russia, which is inhabited by more than 100,000,000 people, the majority of whom are very Conservative. Their loyalty to the Tsar amounts almost to a religion.

Life in big towns always breeds discontent. Moreover, the people in the towns, who are mostly better educated and better informed than the country folk, are naturally feeling disgusted with the mismanagement of the war, and with the misfortunes which have befallen our brave soldiers.

At the beginning of the war we were totally unprepared. The wounded men returning from the front relate stories of horrible sufferings in a war of which they do not understand the cause.

They tell people that the Russian soldiers have been disgraced owing to the bad management of the authorities, and the letters from men still at the front to their relatives at home tell the same tale.

Everywhere the taxes are rising, money is getting scarce, and factories are obliged to limit their output, and to cut down the number of their employees. It is natural under the circumstances that some dissatisfaction should be expressed.

But General Kuropatkin's army has now had much experience and hard training in the field, and his forces are thoroughly well organised. When he has won a big battle on the Shaho, which should happen before the end of the present month, there will be a strong re-action in favour of the Government and the Tsar.

Sebastopol, where the Admiralty works were set on fire, is one of the places which have suffered greatly from the war. The minds of the people there have been inflamed by the revolutionary literature of fanatical students and anarchists.

Born and bred in the big towns, these misguided people do not realise that the country is not yet ripe for any large measure of self-government. The situation is very similar to that of your own Government in India.

There you have a small but powerful body of highly-educated natives of the big towns, ambitious, somewhat unscrupulous, perhaps, and anxious for a personal share in the administration of the country.

But their views do not by any means reflect the ideas of the great majority of the people, who are as yet too ignorant and illiterate to be able to rule themselves to the extent that their fiery patriots desire.

In St. Petersburg the revolt originated in a big strike. The work-people, temporarily idle, short of money, perhaps short of food, and in the depth of winter, have been only too willing to listen to the wild and dangerous eloquence of the revolutionary party.

Gangs of these revolutionists, reinforced by converts from among the least sober-minded of the workers now on strike, have gone from factory to factory during the past week, and have forcibly compelled their fellow-workers to join them in their foolish campaign.

As all the world now knows, this folly culminated in a ridiculous petition in which the "Tsar of all the Russias" was threatened with a revolution throughout the Empire if he did not immediately accede to the demands of a few thousand strikers from the factories of St. Petersburg.

This petition, which practically demanded that the Tsar and his advisers should place the Government of the country in the power of red-hot Socialists, was to be presented by a deputation, consisting of thousands of people, who were to march right up to the doors of the Palace itself.

Is it to be wondered at that the officials should have refused so impudent a request, or that they should have eventually been forced to fire upon the mob, when the latter, their passions inflamed by the wild rhetoric of the priest Gapon, a man who was formerly in the pay of M. de Plehve, the recently assassinated Minister of the Interior, strove to force their way through the city in spite of the official prohibition?

As I have already stated, the people of the country are not yet fit for any large measure of self-government, and this fact is fully realised by the educated classes, who have very little sympathy with the present revolutionary agitation.

THE TROUBLE IN RUSSIA.

What it Means to Germany.

THE situation in Russia is being watched with anxious eyes by the Kaiser and his councillors.

The course of events of the next few weeks may have far-reaching effects upon the future destinies of the German Empire. Germany is probably more interested than any other Power in the drama of which the first scene has just been enacted in St. Petersburg.

Subjects of the Kaiser are to be found scattered throughout every branch of the Government service in Russia, many of them being officials of high rank.

In nearly every big Russian industrial undertaking the technical expert from Germany is to be found. Even in the farms of the country, hundreds of quick-witted Germans are now employed in showing the Russian peasantry the latest scientific methods of agriculture.

Next to England, Russia is Germany's best customer, and should the present crisis cause a temporary paralysis of the huge trade now existing between the two nations, the merchants of Germany, and through them the people of the country, would find it no small blow to their national and individual prosperity.

But there are even more important reasons than these why the misfortunes of the Tsar are exciting unusual anxiety in the official quarters of Berlin.

The Royal house of Prussia and the Conservative and military classes of the country are united to Russia, not only by traditional ties, but also to a certain extent by common interests and common political views.

But these sympathies are by no means shared by the bulk of the German people, who firmly believe that Russia is on the eve of a revolution, and, knowing the utter rottenness of her present Government, are even hoping that it may be so.

Nearly all the working men of Germany are Socialists, bound together by similar institutions to those which are now sowing the seeds of revolution in the Russian Empire.

But Germany is already quite a Socialistic Empire in many ways, and the German working man is much more prosperous, and much better cared for by the authorities than is his Russian brother. His lot, indeed, compares favourably with that of most of the other countries of Europe.

But in the actual forms of Government, Russia and Germany are very closely allied, and in their Kaiser the people of Germany have a stronger and more rigid believer in Autocratic rule than ever the Tsar has been in Russia.

Throughout his reign the Kaiser has shown his anger at every constitutional limit placed upon his power. He has bitterly crushed all those who have tried to get any enlargement of political rights for the people.

In his public speeches, which reflect his real feelings more plainly than the orders which he issues through his Ministers, he has shown that he holds ideas of his own, unlimited and divinely-appointed authority which can hardly be surpassed by the most reactionary advisers of the Tsar.

Both Tsar and Kaiser have always looked with horror at the liberal ideas of Government which exists in England and France, and it can, therefore, be well imagined with what alarm the Kaiser now sees Russia, the great stronghold of Autocratic Government, being agitated for a constitution very similar to our own.

Just at the moment, too, when the Russian Socialists are egging the Russian strikers on to open revolution, the German Socialists are helping to fan the flame of the greatest strike in German history.

More than 250,000 coal miners are out on strike, and this affects at least 1,000,000 families, for hundreds of thousands of labourers in iron, steel, and other metal works are being also thrown out of employment.

As two-thirds of Germany's industry depends upon the coal supply from the Ruhr district, where the strike is taking place, thousands of workmen will be suddenly thrown out of work all over the German Empire.

There have been several severe conflicts between the people and the police, and the coal-owners have applied to the Government for troops. But so far the strikers have, on the whole, been remarkably well-behaved.

In marked contrast to this moderation on the part of the men is the attitude of the mine-owners, which may be summed up in the brusque expression of one of the richest of them: "With my own people I can do as I please."

But it is not easy even for a Government to do as it likes with half a million of quiet and determined men, and the German Emperor waits with anxious eyes the solution of the problems across the Russian border. It is an anxious time for Germany.

ARE YOU A PARENT?

If so, you will do well to buy the **BOYS' LEADER**, now on sale at one penny, which offers a six weeks' free world's tour for two boys. It is one of the most amazing prizes ever offered, and you will be unwise not to read the conditions.

Have you started going in for our new competition yet? If not, do so at once. It may pay you.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

Sensational Case.

Hip Disease, Weak Heart, Incipient Consumption.

Doctors Pronounced Death Certain.

THERE has been another of those sensational cures which from time to time have set the public talking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The enormous number of pale, anæmic girls, weakly women, and suffering men crippled by rheumatism, whose cure by these pills is always being reported, makes them well-known. But, just as last year, the occurrence of several sensational cures set all the Kingdom talking of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so again now a fresh cure, investigated by the well-known Birmingham newspaper, the *SUNDAY ECHO*, bids fair to create a fresh sensation equal to that of last Spring.

The facts are as follows, and we may say at the outset that they have sustained the most rigid scrutiny. Frederick Redman, now aged 17, and living at 101 Froeth Street, Ladywood, Birmingham, two years ago showed signs of illness which developed into

the dreaded Hip Joint Disease.

"He had a severe pain in the side," says his mother, Mrs. Redman, "and we began to think the Printing Trade, to which he was put, did not suit him. He had been out one day riding a bicycle, and when he returned home he complained that his hip hurt him more than before. Upon examining it, I found it was very much swollen. A hard substance seemed to have formed there. As soon as it was convenient, I took Fred to the General Dispensary, where, after very careful examination, a doctor lanced it, and for

eight months a Nurse came daily

to dress the Hip. I was then told to take him to a Specialist, who said he was too weak to undergo an operation (for in addition to the Diseased Hip Joint he was Consumptive and had a Weak Heart), and that

nothing could possibly save his life.

"You can perhaps imagine my feelings when the doctor spoke such disheartening words. My boy would, I was assured, die in any case, and the only suggestion the doctor could make was that if Fred grew stronger he should open the hip, scrape the bone, and make the boy's end—which was approaching—easier.

"Every day for ten months I took him out daily for air in a bathchair, which the doctors said was the only way of prolonging the little life there was in him. Neighbours would stop me in the street, and tears would come into their eyes to see the fearful state my boy had fallen into."

This shows what this lad's condition was, and it is important to remember that the expectation of early death was not merely the gloomy foreboding of an anxious mother, but the scientific prediction of the finest medical experts.

The Marvellous Story of the Cure, which follows, is equally well sustained.

"I returned home one day wearied with pushing the bathchair," said Mrs. Redman, "when I found a book under the door in which were set forth many cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband and I at once decided to try these pills.

"After a few days from the time we began to give them to him, I noticed an improvement, and when my husband returned home at the week end, almost the first words he said were: 'Our boy looks better this week.' From that time onward I gave Fred no other medicine than these pills. After nine months' treatment he was able to discard the bathchair and walk about. People who knew him could scarcely believe it; and various of the local doctors

marvelled at his wonderful recovery.

"He so far recovered his health and strength as to

be able to walk to the hospital and undergo an operation. During the early part of Fred's illness (as I told you) the doctor said that besides the diseased Hip, the boy was suffering from a Weak Heart and was consumptive. After the operation had been performed, however, I was told that there was

no trace of Consumption, and that his heart was quite sound."

The operation can have had nothing to do with the cure of these diseases, and prior to his taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Mrs. Redman had been told that nothing could save her son's life. But that is no new experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The manufacturers are constantly hearing from people who write with honest gratitude that these pills have saved their lives. Not one case in a thousand is ever published. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, which is responsible to Dr. Williams himself for the way in which the pills are sold, is most scrupulous in obtaining absolutely independent evidence for every cure that is communicated to the press. It would be a great mistake to ever confuse Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with ordinary medicines, and especially with the thousand-and-one advertised or unadvised nostrums which are recommended to the public. They are a scientific remedy discovered by a practising and highly-qualified physician, and the most scrupulous care is observed in connection with them. Above all, the public should distinguish the genuine medicine from the shameless substitutes sometimes offered in place of them by shopkeepers wishing to trade on Dr. Williams' reputation. The genuine pills bear the full name—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People"—and it is illegal for any substitute to bear the full name. Thus the public is perfectly protected, provided purchasers will always look out for the full name, and see that all the seven words, including Dr. Williams' name, are on the wrapper. Of course, a substitute cannot possibly embody Dr. Williams' discovery. Consequently it is folly to expect that a substitute can ever do what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People alone are proved to do.

Frederick Redman was himself questioned as to his cure, and his own account of his recovery fully bears out what was previously said by his devoted mother.

Asked how he felt at present the former sufferer replied: "Very well, indeed, thank you, and I never feel tired now as I used to. I can walk or cycle miles and miles. Just to give you an instance, I rode over forty miles on my father's cycle the other day, and I didn't feel tired a bit. No! my side didn't hurt me. I can eat splendidly; in fact, I think my appetite is too good sometimes. I remember on one occasion," he continued, "I was without a box of pills for the whole week, I thought I would take physio instead. I began to feel ill again at once. All the old pains came back, but as soon as I recommenced the pills I began to go along all right again. I am now Quite Well."

Mr. Redman, the father of the boy who has had this wonderful experience, fully bore out in detail all that had been related by his wife and son. "It is wonderful," he said, "to think what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for our boy. I never knew of such a thing in all my life before. I hope that Fred's story will be published all over the world, to let everybody know what a wonderful medicine these pills are."

The Lesson of the Cure.

This, like other cures, shows what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invariably able to effect in the most serious cases. But it is in everyday life that their work is best known. They have made thousands of Anæmic girls bloom like the rose, restored health to wearied women who did not care to take their cases to a doctor and undergo humiliating examinations. They have enabled men and women crippled and racked by rheumatism to resume active life. They have cured Consumption, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance, Indigestion, Kidney Disease, and all disorders arising

from nervous exhaustion or lack of blood. Sold at all medicine shops or sent post free by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Holborn Viaduct, London, 2s. 9d. per box, six for 13s. 9d.

This and Other Cures Explained.

The question is often asked—Why is it that one medicine can cure so many different diseases, which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are proved to have done, whereas in the case of physio there appears to be a separate prescription for each ailment?

The inquiry is a very proper one, and the answer to it is simple. It explains the scientific principle on which the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is entirely based.

These Pills Make New Blood.

A great many diseases arise simply from poverty of blood, and an increase in the blood supply strengthens and nourishes every part of the body. It is very easy, by ordinary medicine, to relieve the more evident signs and symptoms of disease. For instance, the pains of an attack of Rheumatism can often be greatly relieved by rubbing with liniments and by hot applications. But that is only curing the pain—it isn't curing the disease. Next time there is a chill, the Rheumatism will return. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

eradicate the Rheumatic poison

from the blood, so that they not only cure Rheumatism but prevent it from returning. Similarly, an attack of Indigestion, or of Bile, can be momentarily relieved by a purgative, which removes part of the contents of stomach and bowels, and, for the time being, takes away the discomfort. But the Indigestion and Biliousness will return, because nothing has been done to cure them. It is something like cleaning out a rain gully, which has been choked with mud and fallen leaves. If we flush it clean, it will let off the water for a time—until it becomes choked again. But if we wish to make it permanently satisfactory, we must put down a trap or wire-guard, which will prevent the dirt getting in it. Similarly with the digestive organs. We can clear them out with a purgative; but that is not a cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make the blood extract the goodness of the food we eat, so that they not only cure Indigestion and its consequences, but prevent their return. In other words

They Cure the Causes of Disease, and the disease consequently does not return.

Nothing is more pitiful than to see the way in which, with ordinary medicine, people try to cure Anæmia in young girls, in men and in women also.

Anæmia is simply Bloodlessness.

But you cannot see your blood—otherwise we should always know what Anæmia meant. What we do see is that the patient is weak and tired, suffers from headache, dizziness, coughing, shortness of breath, and never has any energy. Consequently people go to work to cure the headache and dizziness with purgatives, which make the Anæmia worse; they give "tonics" (so-called), which are supposed to impart strength, but which only set up indigestion; and they give cough mixtures to relieve the chest. None of these things are of any use. What is needed is new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and

cure Anæmia just as food cures hunger.

A languishing daughter and a sorrowful mother in one Lincolnshire home were threatened by a tragedy which was averted. Said the thankful mother: "My daughter came home ill at the end of last year, and day by day she faded away until I had lost all hope for her," said Mrs. Barr, of Toft Lane, West Rasen. "They were dark days for us. My daughter had had medicine enough. What she wanted was new blood. She seemed to have no strength left, and doctors said her illness was Rheumatic Fever and Anæmia. For three weeks she could not turn herself in bed. Then she took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and if she had not she would not be here now."

Miss Barr is the very type of bright, healthy, young womanhood. Without the new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills gave her she would have sunk into a Decline and died.

The Anæmic girl or man quickly shows the effect of these pills in renewed energy and interest in life, in bright eyes and rosy, healthful cheeks. The laboured breathing ceases, because the blood is doing its work; the Consumption which Anæmia always threatens is warded off, and everyone is surprised to see how much better the sufferer looks, simply because the cause of the disease has been removed, which ordinary unscientific medicines leave untouched while they tinker at the mere outward symptoms of it.



Neighbours would stop his mother in the street, and tears would come into their eyes to see the fearful state the boy had fallen into.



He was wheeled out daily for 10 months in a bathchair, which the doctors said was the only way to prolong what little life there was in him.

(From a photograph.)



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured all his ailments. He now walks easily.

(From a photograph.)



He rode over 40 miles on his father's cycle the other day and didn't feel tired. This shows what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for him—once a helpless cripple!

BEWARE OF DYSPEPSIA & ACIDITY.

TEST

A PERFECT REMEDY, FREE OF CHARGE!

TIMELY HINTS.

By neglecting certain simple laws of health—we lose it. Everyone should strive to make the best of themselves.

For the body, moderate, regular, and well-planned exercise is necessary.

For the stomach, kidneys, liver, and bowels, cleanliness is necessary.

For the nerves and brain, pure and unpolluted blood is necessary.

For a cheerful temperament, a healthy, active liver is necessary.

A clean stomach and a clear head are positively inseparable companions.

The only remedy to ensure perfect health every day is Kutnow's Powder.

It not only keeps you in health, but produces a good colour and a clear skin, and by good digestion builds up the physique.

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE LOOK UNHEALTHY?

If you stand at the corner of Broad Street, London, and watch the thousands pouring out of Liverpool Street Station, you cannot fail to be struck with the unhealthy appearance of the multitude. Pale faces, sallow complexions, blotchy skins with pimples, blackheads, and boils are some of the distinguishing characteristics of unhealthiness. If you could interrogate some of these painful spectacles of the human race you would find that nine-tenths of them suffer from some form of dyspepsia and constipation. The fact is that these disorders of the digestive and excretory system pollute the blood, sap and weaken the vitality. The girls look anemic, languid and listless; the men look half-baked, like hot-house plants. Sedentary occupations cripple their digestive powers to such an extent that life is hardly worth living. The remedy is very simple. Nature is never unkind if she is assisted, and to do this, you must cleanse the system of its foul, putrid, blood-poisoning products with an occasional dose of Kutnow's Powder. A Trial costs nothing!

THE EXPERIENCE OF A CITY MAN.

"113 Gower Street, London, W.C.

"Dear Sirs,—For a long time past I suffered from severe mental depression, due to an inactive liver and kidney trouble, with excessive uric acid. Thanks to your efficient remedy, Kutnow's Powder, I no longer fear these distressing attacks, as I find a single dose corrects any mistakes in diet and removes the injurious poisons." H. A. G. ROEDER."

IMPORTANT CAUTION!

See that the fac-simile signature, "S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd.," and the registered trade mark, "Hirschensprung, or Deer Leap," are on the carton and also on the label on the bottle. The signature and trade mark will alone ensure your obtaining the

GENUINE KUTNOW'S POWDER.

To obtain Kutnow's Powder
Free of charge

SIGN THIS FORM

(write distinctly).

PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 9/2/05.

NOTE.—Send this form to S. Kutnow & Co. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

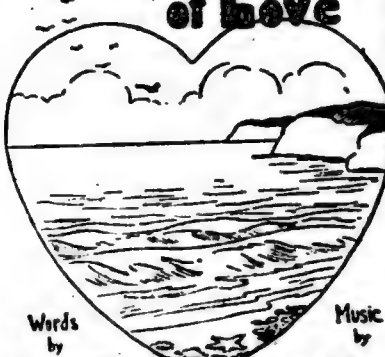
TO EAT, SLEEP, AND WORK WELL.

Proprietors: S. KUTNOW & CO. Ltd., 41 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. Proprietors in U.S.A.: KUTNOW BROS. Ltd., 232 Broadway, New York.

Two New and Attractive Songs JUST PUBLISHED

IN THE SERIES

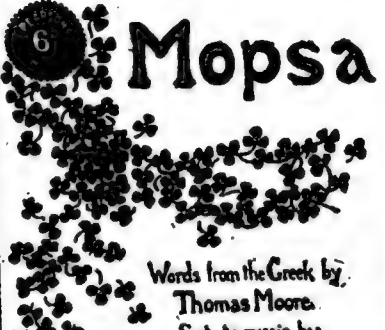
A Whisper of Love



Words by G. Hubi Newcombe Music by Milton Wellings

PEARSON'S
6d.
MUSIC.

Mopsa



Words from the Greek by Thomas Moore. Set to music by Charles Villiers Stanford

On sale at all Book and Music Sellers, Railway and other Bookstalls for Sixpence each, or direct from the Publishers, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., for Sevenpence each, post free.

Pearson's Sixpenny Music can be heard on the Gramophone at any Agency of the Gramophone & Typewriter Ltd., who have branches at most towns throughout the Kingdom.

EDWARDS' SOUP



(3.) HEARING.

You'll hear good cooks say many a good word for E.D.S. It is a first-class flavouring for a hash, soup or stew.

Of all Grocers, Cornchandlers, etc., in penny packets.

'Skipper' Sardines

ARE DIFFERENT.

THEY OPEN UP A NEW ERA IN SARDINES

"Skipper" Sardines are scaleless, practically boneless, and cured by a special process.

These dainty little fish, caught in the Norwegian Fjords, excel in delicacy of flavour any of the old-fashioned sorts. Their appeal to the palate is irresistible.

If your grocer does not stock them, send us his name and address, and enclose six penny stamps for sample tin of 30 silver fish, post free; or a post-card will bring you descriptive booklet.

SOLE IMPORTERS:
ANGUS WATSON & CO. (Dept. F), Newcastle-on-Tyne.



RAGS AND RICHES.

A Romance of Darkest London.

By Arthur Applin.

Author of "Life's Great Handicap," "Dolores," "The Clatter of the Clogs," etc., etc.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

LADY LETTY LUMLEY, daughter of the Duke of Marford, takes part in an entertainment in the East-end of London. She is much touched at the poverty of the audience, and determines to do something to help them.

On the way back from the entertainment the motor-car containing Lady Letty and her fiancé, Captain Conroy, runs over a girl. Letty has her put into the car and taken on to the Duke's residence, where, in spite of every attention, she dies.

The Duke and Duchess are horrified at what their daughter has done, and the former has an interview with Letty, during which she says that she feels she must do something to brighten the lives of the poor, and suggests joining the Salvation Army.

The Duke says she must give up all idea of such a thing, but Letty refuses, and at the same time breaks her engagement with Captain Conroy.

A few days later she leaves home secretly, and takes up her residence in the East-end under the name of Letitia Smith. She calls on Commissioner Baines, of the Salvation Army, to hear what work she can do.

It is dinner-time soon after her arrival, and she goes out to purchase something to eat. To her dismay, her purse is snatched from her by a big, hulking fellow, who has protected her from rough treatment from some other men.

She gets it back by the aid of the police, but manages to smooth the offence over in the eyes of the constable.

Commissioner Baines introduces Florrie Gray to Letty, and Florrie takes her to an old Jew clothes maker named Joel to get some work.

Letty again meets the bully, who calls himself Bill Alias, who asks her to marry him, an offer which she promptly refuses.

At the Duke of Marford's residence consternation is rampant, but it is left to Lord Arthur Polertick to do things. He takes a cab and drives to Porcupine Road.

As Letty and Florrie are about to have dinner with Commissioner Baines, he declares there is a man watching them outside the window.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

Run to Earth.

FLORRIE suppressed a scream; Mr. Baines laid down his knife and fork and carefully edged his way towards the window, intent on drawing down the blinds.

But Letty stopped him: "I will go to the window myself."

"No, no," Mr. Baines whispered. "He mustn't see you. If he hasn't discovered you already we may yet put him off the scent!"

But Letty had risen to her feet, and was already standing at the window.

She gave an exclamation of astonishment and delight when she recognized the comical figure loitering in the street outside, and the face of the pseudo-detective.

"It's Lord Arthur!"

"What?"

"Lord—" Letty covered her lips with her hand; they had nearly betrayed her! "Mr. Lord," she stammered. "Mr. Arthur Lord, a friend—an old friend."

"Then—he's—not—a detective?" gasped Mr. Baines.

"Not—your—young man—that's pursuing you?" Florrie echoed in disappointed accents.

"No, neither! It's only poor Lord—Mr. Lord."

She was smiling and waving her hand now.

"You don't mind if I run out and speak to him, do you?" she said.

"Ask him in," cried Mr. Baines. "Any friend welcome, especially if he's poor. Ask him in, Miss Smith; he's just in time for dinner!"

"I'll fetch another plate," Florrie coughed, bustling into the kitchen.

Letty opened the front door and beckoned to Lord Arthur.

She tried to control her features, but in vain. She knew that every feature of her face smiled—lips, eyes, all!

"How glad I am to see you," she cried. "It seems ages since we last met, but," sternly, "what are you doing here?"

"Looking for you, Lady Letty."

"Hush! I'm—Miss Letitia Smith; Miss Letitia Smith, and you're Mr. Arthur Lord."

"Oh, so you're Miss Letitia Smith," Lord Arthur stammered. "And I'm Mr. Lord. Thanks; I'm glad you told me. Are we old friends?"

"Yes, very old friends; and you're coming in to dinner. Mr. Baines has asked you."

"Is that the chap who tried to insult and annoy me?"

"Yes, but he did it for my sake. He is very good and kind."

Florrie's head appeared round the corner: "Excuse me, won't you, but the beef is getting cold."

"I was just persuading Mr. Lord—"

"I need no persuasion, I assure," Lord Arthur cried. Under his breath to Letty, "I shall never remember the Smiths. Since we're old friends, hadn't I better call you Letty?"

"Certainly not! Letitia, if you wish it, but not Letty."

"Letitia," Lord Arthur groaned.

"Glad to see you, sir," the Salvationist said as Letty introduced "Mr. Arthur Lord," "very glad to see you. I hope you'll forgive me for the mistake I made. I'm very sorry."

"Don't mention it; it's forgotten, I assure you. I dare say I do look like a detective in these togs—"

Letty frowned.

"Oh, it wasn't the clothes," continued Mr. Baines cheerfully. "Pray don't think it was your clothes—"

"Ah, my face?" Lord Arthur sighed. "I really have an unfortunate face, haven't I, Lady—Letty—Letitia?"

"Yes, I think perhaps you have, Arthur," Letty replied severely.

"It's cooked to a turn," cried Florrie, trying to change the conversation. "The beef, I mean—"

as Lord Arthur's face grew very red.

"I cooked the dinner," Letty cried presently; "or rather, I should say, Florrie and I."

Lord Arthur screwed in his eyeglass and regarded the joint critically.

"Ah, indeed; how clever."

"Yes, Miss Smith is evidently a very good cook. I don't know what I should have done without her. At the last moment my—er—charwoman failed me."

"Really? Yes, charwomen do occasionally. No, no fat, thanks."

"Do you live in these parts, Mr. Lord?"

"No, that is to say, not generally. I travel."

"Ah, in what line, now?"

Lord Arthur looked at Lady Letty for inspiration, but she avoided his gaze.

"Er—a great many lines. Most of the English and many Continental—"

"Haberdashery, perhaps?"

"Yes, exactly."

Lord Arthur mopped his brow.

"It's a lovely piece of beef," said Florrie.

"Yes, I think Higgs has served me well. I left it entirely to him. I said I wanted a specially good bit."

"You weren't aware that Miss Smith had joined the Army?" inquired the Salvationist after an awkward silence.

"No—but I suspected."

"She's going to be a very useful member, I think. Now, Mr. Lord, why don't you—"

But Letty adroitly changed the topic.

"I daresay you'd like a little private talk with your friend," the Salvationist whispered to Letty when the meal was finished. "You can stay here, Florrie, and I will sit in the kitchen."

"I won't hear of such a thing," Letty replied. "You are tired and need a rest before you start on your afternoon's work. And Florrie needs rest also. No, you shall both remain here, and Mr. Lord and I will wash up in the kitchen!"

The Salvationist and Florrie objected, but of course Letty had her own way. She shut herself in the kitchen with Lord Arthur and half a dozen dirty plates and knives and forks.

"I'll wash, you wipe," she cried merrily. "Do you object?"

"You'd better let me do everything," Lord Arthur replied. "You mustn't wash plates, Lady Letty—"

"Miss Smith, please!"

"Letitia, I meant. I'm really rather clever at—er—washing up."

"You don't know as much about it as I do, and that's very little. Here's an apron—Mrs. Rich's probably. Put it on! There, now then stand by my side and as I hand you the plates dry them carefully, and whatever you do don't drop them. Now, tell me, why had you followed me here? I'm very angry with you; very angry."

"Yes, I know; but I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it; what do you mean?"

"When I received your telegram I didn't suspect anything. Didn't notice that it had been handed in at—at Porcupine Road."

"I never thought of that."

"But when I called at Grosvenor Square the other day and found that you had—run away—"

"I was turned out," corrected Letty.

"Well, they've forgiven you and they want you to return home."

Letty was silent. She stared into the tub of steaming water, and mechanically rubbed a shining plate.

"You'll go home, Lady Letty?"

"No! Wipe that, please!"

"You ought to return home," Lord Arthur continued. "Your mother is terribly upset; your father very ill—"

"Ill!" There was consternation in Letty's voice.

"Yes, gout; very bad attack."

Lady Letty's little teeth snapped.

"I'm glad. Quick, take this. How clumsy you are! If he is sorry for—er—turning me out why doesn't he write and apologise, and ask me to return?"

"He doesn't know your address."

"Well, he can send a letter by you!"

"Perhaps he will, now. Won't you send a message to him?"

Letty considered a moment

"Give mother my dearest love; tell her that I am very well, very happy and very busy. I have no message for father—yes, though, tell him that the Salvation Army has saved me!"

Lord Arthur dried the remaining plates and knives and forks in silence. Then he took off his apron and filled "Sonny."

"May I smoke?"

"Certainly."

"Lady Letty, will you tell me why you—you quarrelled with your father?"

"Why should it interest you?"

"It does. Forgive me if I seem curious or impertinent. But—do you remember something I said to you about every girl requiring a brother to bully her and look after her? Your real brother can't come to you just now, your sisters are married, scattered far and wide. Won't you let me—take the place of your brother? I know the ropes, and—I'm an old friend—I might be of some little service perhaps. I know I'm considered a fool—I am a fool—but even fools have their uses, you know!"

Lady Letty was silent for a little while; she was standing with her back to Lord Arthur, and she did not move.

"I will tell you why I quarrelled with father," she said after a little while. "I will tell you why I cannot return home. Father tried to force me, and then to trap me, into a marriage with Captain Conroy. I refused to be forced, and I discovered the trap. Of course I first displeased father the night after the performance in the East End, Mr. Bignell's negroes' charity—an accident. You heard about it, I daresay!"

"Yes."

"That opened my eyes to—the meaning of life, love, everything. From that evening I knew I could never love Captain Conroy, and therefore never marry him. I also felt that I ought to do something more with my life than spend it in dancing, playing, reading, feeding, and sleeping! That is all. Father told me to choose between Captain Conroy and—"

she spread out her hands expressively.

"I chose, and—here I am!"

"And here you intend to remain?"

"As long as I can earn my own living."

Lord Arthur started.

"You are trying to do that here?"

"Yes, trying—and succeeding."

"But there are other—better ways. Many parts you could fill; governess, companion—"

Lady Letty turned now and faced Lord Arthur.

Her pretty eyes were moist; her face very sad and serious.

"If I became a governess or a companion I should be living just as selfish and useless a life as I have lived at home. Here, I think I may do some good; I may be of some help to others. Perhaps bring a little life and love into dull, loveless lives. If I fail—"

she shrugged her shoulders—"I shall have at any rate learnt something; learnt the lesson of life, and I suppose that is why we are given life, to learn its lesson."

Lord Arthur puffed his pipe slowly, staring across the kitchen.

"Sonny," he whispered to his briar, "Sonny, what can we say? What the deuce can we say?"

He puffed away again for some seconds: "What's the correct thing to say, Sonny?"

Sonny choked for an instant; Lord Arthur banged Sonny's head on the floor irritably.

"Hang the correct thing! What's in our hearts? That's the thing to say!"

Sonny recovered himself.

Lord Arthur cleared his throat, and fixed his eyeglass securely in its place.

"Lady Letty, believe me, I—sort of—understand you—I mean I quite realise why you left your home; why you refused to obey your father. I'm awfully sorry; it's a serious thing to run away—"

"I was turned away—"

"Well, to be turned away; to disobey your father. But I do believe that under certain circumstances it's justifiable!"

"You are serious?"

"Quite serious. I even dare go so far as to say, if I may, that you are absolutely right to give up your home and—all that—rather than marry anyone you—you don't love."

"Thanks, Lord Arthur. I'm glad you feel that. Of course I don't know much about love, but I feel sure it can't be bought or sold or trifled with. I'm sure it's—it's—sacred! There, I've said it, and I couldn't say it to anybody but you."

Lord Arthur felt embarrassed. He wondered if Lady Letty knew how many times he had been in love!

"I agree with you," he stammered. "Of course, I've made an awful ass of myself, you know—so I can't talk about love, but all the same I've often felt if I hadn't been an ass—"

He broke off abruptly and played with his eyeglass.

"Does anyone else know where I am? Does anyone suspect?" Letty asked.

"No one. I think, perhaps, your father has a suspicion that you'll be found beating a big drum on the sea front."

at Brighton or somewhere. Of course your mother begged me to find you. I said I'd do my best."

"So they want me to return?"
"Of course they do, and you will?"
"Never! Unless I am allowed perfect freedom," she added. "Freedom of heart, thought, and action."
"I think that perhaps a compromise might be arranged," Lord Arthur said thoughtfully. "If you give up, say, the Salvation Army, give up taking any active part in its system of salvation and slum work, your father might agree not to press Captain Conroy's suit."

Letty shook her head.
"Compromise? I can't compromise. I must be absolutely free. I feel that more than ever now. I've been away from home barely a week—it seems like a year—and I have seen and learnt more during that week than all the past years of my life. Why, I've only just seen life," she cried. "I've met for the first time real living people, flesh and blood people; people who love and hate, sin and suffer! And I love them better than the people I meet in Grosvenor Square, and I'd rather live among them, too. I've been a doll; directly I left off short clothes, directly I grew out of babyhood. I grew into doll-hood, and I've existed in a doll's house, moved and lived with dolls as playfellows and comrades: all artificial, many heartless, the majority brainless, the few with brains only appeared at rare intervals. I understand why now. I want flesh and blood comrades instead of bran and chin. I prefer rags and bones to linen and silks; and even hunger to repletion."

"And I have been hungry. Lord Arthur, since I last saw you. Really hungry!" she smiled. "It's quite a strange feeling; nice at first, but—"

"You look pale," Lord Arthur whispered. "Your face has grown thinner. Lady Letty," he cried impulsively. "You must come home with me, at once!"

"Even if you were my brother, I should resent being commanded," she smiled.

"A month of this life and you will be seriously ill. You don't understand, you have been knocked off your feet by suddenly seeing behind the scenes of the world's comedy. Your mental equilibrium has been upset by the plunge from riches to rags. One day you will understand that as long as the world exists, as long as the earth is peopled with human beings, so long will there be rags and riches, poverty and wealth, joy and sorrow, vice and virtue. If we were all healthy, all wealthy, all happy, all virtuous, there would be no Reason for our Being, no Use for the existence of the Earth. If—if it were possible to fill a weedless garden with flowers that never faded, never cast their petals, or ran to seed or took up more than their share of the bed; flowers that never required watering, manuring, pruning or cutting, why, we should give up growing flowers, discharge the gardeners, and pull down the conservatories and forcing houses." He broke off suddenly and hunted for a match. Lady Letty's eyes were regarding him curiously.

"Why do you stare at me? Am I talking nonsense?"
"It seems so strange to hear you talk like that," she said gently. "It doesn't sound like doll's-house language."
"I know I can't talk. I always say too much or too little, but I want you to realise that your exchanging Grosvenor Square for Whitechapel won't help Whitechapel. Won't do away with Whitechapel. Won't destroy sin or vice or poverty. Whitechapel must work out its own salvation."

Lady Letty nodded.
"You are quite right. Thanks for putting it so nicely. Yes, I see; I understand. Whitechapel must work out its own salvation, just as a disease must run its course, a broken limb take time to heal."

"Just so," Lord Arthur sighed.
"But sick people require a doctor to attend them, or sometimes they die, when otherwise they might have lived. Broken limbs mend if properly attended to! There are doctors and nurses and hospitals for diseases and deformities of the body. Don't you think we ought also to attend to diseases and deformities of the mind, to empty stomachs, empty brains, and broken hearts?"

"Anyway, I want to, and I will," she cried, her voice changing. "You can tell father and mother just what I have said."

"I should like to," Lord Arthur replied. "I'd like to tell everyone—all the dolls," he smiled. "It might do them good."

"So you see I can't come home unless I'm free," Letty added.

"Yes, I see that now."

"You do, really?"

"Yes; but I also see, quite as plainly, that you can't stay here."

"Why not?"

"Surely you know? Surely you can guess?"

"Money! I've no money! No, but I can earn it."

"I wasn't thinking of money. Of course that mustn't worry you. Your allowance will with care help—"

"I have no allowance—now. If it were offered me I should refuse it, absolutely."

Lord Arthur grew positively pale.

"Good heavens, Lady Letty, how do you expect—"

A timid knock at the door, followed by a longer and louder.

"Miss Smith, please forgive me intruding, but Mr. Baines is just off, and I thought perhaps—"

Letty opened the door.

"Please come in, Florrie."

"I didn't want to intrude," Florrie coughed bashfully.

"If Mr. Baines is going I must go," Letty said.

"You'll forgive my running away, Mr. Lord?"

Poor Lord Arthur coloured and stammered.

"Certainly—but—er—I have a message—which I forgot to give you. Could you spare me five minutes more?"

Florrie began to back out of the kitchen.

"I am sorry I disturbed—"

"Mr. Baines, can you spare five minutes? I won't keep you longer, I promise."

"Yes, certainly; but please don't trouble to come if—"

"In five minutes," Letty cried cheerfully.

"Now then, Lord Arthur," she said when she had closed the door. "What is this important message?"

"Have you forgotten Thursday?"

"Thursday?" Letty looked puzzled. "Thursday?"

What do you mean?"

"The Drawing-Room. Your presentation."

Lady Letty was silent a moment.

"I had forgotten. Does it matter?"

"I'm afraid it does."

Letty nodded. "Yes, I had quite forgotten. Thank you for reminding me. What can I do?"

"Your mother begged me, if I could find you, to implore you to return home. Your disappearance cannot be easily explained. The consequences may be serious—"

"I quite understand," Letty said. "I suppose father is furious?"

"He has a very bad attack of gout, as I think I told you. But I didn't see him myself—I only heard him from a distance."

"You will have to tell mother that you succeeded in finding me?"

"Yes."

"You will have to tell her where you found me," she spoke bitterly.

"I shall not tell anyone that without your permission."

"Why?"

Lord Arthur fondled his briar pipe.

"You've forgotten what I said just now. You know, about brothers—and all that sort of thing. We couldn't give you away now, you know."

Letty smiled. "We?"

"Oh, I—er—always include this chap—" holding out "Sonny." "I've got into the habit of thinking of him as—as a pal, you know. Awfully silly; worst of living alone."

"May I look at him?" Letty held out her hand.

"Rather! Take care he doesn't burn you; he's a rummy little beggar, isn't he?"

Letty nodded.

"How black. Is that because you've smoked him so often?"

"Yes, we've been together a good many years now. Sonny knows all my secrets, don't you, Sonny?"

Letty handed back the briar.

"I like him very much. I'm glad you have introduced me to him. Why haven't you done so before?"

"Well, you see," Lord Arthur laughed, "he doesn't go into Society much. I don't even take him to the club often."

"Who gave him to you?"

Lord Arthur started.

"How do you know someone gave him to me?"

"I guessed, of course. Women know nothing except what they guess, and they guess everything. Tell me who gave him to you."

"Oh, a cabby," Lord Arthur replied awkwardly.

"Why?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that."

"You don't trust your sister," she smiled. "Sonny's history is sacred."

"I can't tell you. Perhaps one day, when—when Sonny is older!"

"Sisters are privileged to ask questions, so I needn't apologise," Letty laughed. "And five minutes have flown and I don't know what I'm going to do about Thursday. Oh, I can't do it; I can't go; I can't return home."

"I think you ought to," Lord Arthur said gently.

"You mean that? You honestly think I ought to return home for the presentation on Thursday. It would be wrong of me not to?"

"Yes, in your case I think it would be wrong of you not to. It would place your father and mother in a difficult position. It would—"

"Very well, I will go to the Drawing-Room on Thursday; but only on one condition."

Lord Arthur waited for Letty to continue.

"Will you take a message to father for me?"

"Of course."

"Tell him I will return to Grosvenor Square on Thursday morning and go to the Drawing-Room in the evening if he promises not to attempt by word or deed to detain me at home or send me anywhere else afterwards. He must allow me to leave the house next day. And give mother my love."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; I don't want my whereabouts known."

"I understand."

Letty held out her hand.

"Good-bye."

"You will let me see you again?"

"Yes, when you bring father's answer. Ask him to write, and you can leave the letter here, if you'll be kind enough."

"You are not staying here?"

"No." Letty hesitated a moment. Then she said: "I am living at 9 Porcupine Road."

"Thank you. Au revoir."

"Au revoir. Mr. Baines, I'm ready. So sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Not at all. Won't you come along with us, Mr. Lord?"

Lord Arthur glanced at Letty. Her face told him nothing. Florrie saw his look.

"Yes, do come along," she said.

"I will," Lord Arthur replied cheerfully. "May I smoke?"

"So far as I'm concerned."

"Do you object, Letitia?" he said, with a peculiar laugh.

"No, you may smoke."

"I like the smell of tobacco," Florrie coughed. She tried to manoeuvre so that so that she and the Salvationist walked together, leaving Lord Arthur with Letty.

But the latter refused to leave Mr. Baines.

"You live down here, miss—er—?"

"Miss Grey's my name. Yes, I live near here, but not quite such a nice part. Where do you live—when you're not travelling, I mean?"

"Oh, I live just anywhere, you know. I suppose you're a very busy person, eh?"

"Yes, 'tisn't often I get a Sunday off. But Miss Smith

insisted, and she's that strong there's no going against her."

"Really?"

"Yes. Haven't you found her so?"

"I never thought. I suppose you are right, though. You've seen a good deal of her the last few days?" Lord Arthur hazarded.

"Yes, she comes to my room and works with me. It been so different since she's come, you can't tell!"

"More—er—cheerful?"

"Yes, quite different. I feel different myself, and even Dick has got lively and sings now."

"Who is Dick?"

"He's my bird. I bought him a while ago. He's a lark, you know; but he didn't sing after I bought him. Not until she came."

"And you think her coming made him sing?"

"I know it. It's very extraordinary," she continued, lowering her voice, "but whoever she meets seems to sort of do whatever she wishes. She's that strong—she magnetises them, it's my belief. Mrs. Joel was quite nice to her and gave her work at once, and didn't grumble much, either, 'cause it wasn't done quite up to the mark. But she's improving."

"Who is Mrs. Joel?"

"Haven't you heard of old Isaac?"

Lord Arthur shook his head.

"Very hard up, but haven't had to borrow yet."

"He don't lend money; he isn't uncle. He's in the—"

she stopped, hunting through her vocabulary for a suitable word—"in the *fingery* business. We make-up for him; things for the shops in the West End, you know."

"Ah," Lord Arthur grew busy with his eyeglass.

"He's a caution, he is. She hasn't seen him yet. I hope she don't for a bit."

"She mustn't—I mean—do your best to prevent her meeting him, will you, Miss Grey?"

"Why, yes. But you needn't mind—needn't be jealous. I mean. And then there's Bill—" She stopped suddenly.

"Who is Bill? What a host of friends she seems to possess. Did you introduce her to them all?"

"I didn't introduce her to Bill," she said hastily. "I didn't, really."

"You don't approve of Bill?"

"Well, you see," she stammered. "He—he—he's served time, and—he's rather a rough fellow—he's a bully, you know, and swears a bit—any everyone down our way is frightened of him."

"And do you mean to say that Lady—that Letitia—Miss Smith knows this man? Where on earth did she meet him?"

"Hush! Don't talk so loud! How should I know where she met him. If you're her—her friend, you ought to know that."

"But—" Lord Arthur was hot, perspiring, almost speechless.

"She doesn't care for him, I don't think that, but he's sweet on her. Why, he obeys her," she said in an awed voice. "I've seen him as if he was afraid of her. Him!"

"Perhaps she was trying to convert him?" Lord Arthur stammered.

"Save him, you mean?" Florrie shook her head. "It isn't no good her trying to do that, though I'm beginning to think that there's very little she can't do that she sets her mind to. But save Bill—" she laughed softly.

"Mr. Baines tried and he failed. Why, a saint from heaven couldn't save him. He'd break his neck as soon as look at him, would Bill."

"I'll break his neck if I come across him," Lord Arthur muttered.

Florrie looked at him and smiled.

"You keep out of his way," she coughed. "You'd be mince-meat before you'd as much as see his neck!"

The service that Commissioner Baines was conducting was held at Poplar. When they reached the hall flaming bills shrieked the Salvationist's name in red and blue.

"He's evidently a star," Lord Arthur whispered to Florrie.

"He brings sunshine wherever he goes," she replied.

The hall was already packed when they arrived. Mr. Baines suggested that Florrie should take care of "Mr. Arthur."

"Room will be found for you somewhere," he said.

"Miss Smith is coming on the platform."

Lord Arthur looked at Letty, but she avoided him. Two spots of colour glowed on her cheeks.

"You're not one of us," Florrie said to Lord Arthur as he fought his way through the tightly-packed worshippers and onlookers. "You're not saved?"

"Well, no, I don't belong to the Army, but I am very interested in its work," he confessed. "This isn't the first time I've been to one of their meetings."

"Why don't you let them save you?"

"Well—really—I never thought about it. I haven't—er—time."

"That's only an excuse," she coughed, as she wedged herself into a seat and made room for Lord Arthur. "It doesn't take much time to be saved. Why, now's your opportunity; now!"

"No, really I—"

"She's saved—Miss Smith. I'm sure she'll be happier if you were saved, too."

"I'll think about it!" Lord Arthur was beginning to feel uncomfortable, mentally as well as physically.

"Well, you'll get a chance presently. They'll ask all who feel moved to step up on the platform."

"But I'm sure I couldn't move now I've sat down. I'm absolutely jammed tight."

Florrie said no more, and the service commenced.

MUSIC, strident perhaps; loud certainly, but inspiring. Prayers that came from men's hearts, not only from their lips. Prayers that rose sometimes like a wail, sometimes like a fierce war-cry, and sometimes like a bugle-call; then perhaps an invocation.

But men and women prayed. They did not chant melodiously; they did not intone sleepily and soothingly; they did not sing softly and sensuously.

They just prayed!

Then a hymn again, and even as the music died away a woman who had been kneeling sprang to her feet and began to tell how the Spirit of the Lord first entered her soul. A man followed.

Then praise and thanksgiving, and presently, amidst a hush, Commissioner Baines came forward and addressed the great hot, fervent crowd.

At first his voice was low, uncertain; but it gradually grew stronger, clearer. It gripped, bit.

He seemed to grow taller as he spoke; his eyes flashed fire, his body at moments seemed like a flame.

And his words were fire, consuming the mockers and scoffers; warming the lonely, the cold, the sorrowful.

"I was glad and proud when I heard your voices raised in prayer and praise," he cried. "Yes, I was very glad, and I thanked the Lord for coming among us. For He is among us; here in our midst!

"I feel Him standing by my side; I see Him standing in the midst of the hall. He is with us.

"I am glad, I am proud, I am very thankful—but—"

He paused and his eyes seemed to travel like fire around the hall, up and down the sea of faces.

But I wish that Satan had sent some of his friends here this afternoon. He could not come himself; I know that!

"He dare not; he's afraid of us; terrified. If he as much as poked his head in at that open door the bang of our big drum would have sent him flying and shrieking down the street.

"No, he is not here; he wouldn't dare come. But he might persuade his friends, his followers, his victims to come. That would be just the mean, low, dirty trick one would expect of him, to send others where he's afraid to come himself.

"But I fear that there are none here! I say 'fear' because I wish there was a scoffer, a sinner, a lost soul, that we might turn his scoffs to praises, his sin to virtue, and save his soul.

"I want the sinners—the thieves, scoundrels, liars, blasphemers, the vicious, and outcast; I want them to come here. I want Satan's born companions. Let them come and I promise them that before they leave us we shall have saved their souls, wrested them from the devil. They will leave the friends of Christ, the followers of the Lord.

"Is there one here who doubts it? Is there one scoffer? One sinner? One whose soul is Satan's?

"Let him come up here; come up and stand before me now at once and I will save him!

"I, even I, the humblest of God's servants, I will pit my strength against Satan's.

"I throw down the gauntlet—" his voice rose higher and higher, rose almost to a shriek—

"I defy Satan; I challenge him!

"Come, let him bring his dearest, closest, firmest follower, man or woman; he who has worn his livery longest—bring him here and put him on the platform, and we will fight for his soul. We will fight with our prayers, with our voices, with our hearts.

"And if that's not enough I'll take off my coat and I'll fight with my fists! I'll pummel Satan out of any man or woman. I'll fight with my body as well as with my soul.

"If the devil is skulking in any man or woman's soul here to-day, I challenge him! Come up and fight!

"Come up and fight!"

His voice rang out like a bugle-call.

The silence. Silence that would have recorded the falling of a feather.

Men and women seemed afraid to breathe. They waited for something to happen. For Satan perhaps!

For something to happen.

It happened.

A weak, querulous voice killed the silence.

"It's easy enough to tell th' devil ter come up and yer'll fight 'im; but yer can't hit a sperit. And we couldn't see him if yer did!"

Again silence, for a couple of seconds.

Commissioner Baines leant forward.

"Stand up," he said.

There was no response; no one moved.

"Stand up," he cried again. "Are you afraid?"

A pale, wan woman struggled to her feet.

"I only saw," she stammered, "as how 'twas easy to challenge a sperit—"

"But difficult to fight one," cried the Salvationist.

"True! And my challenge has been answered. Satan has answered it through you. Satan has spoken! Come up, come up here, and let me answer you. Let me answer Satan! I'll wrest your soul from him. Come up!"

"I 'aven't nothin' to do with Satan," laughed the woman nithlessly.

"He is standing by your side," shouted the Salvationist.

"Come up!"

"I believe all right—I was only sayin'—"

"Come up here!"

The woman began to move towards the platform. She did not move of her own free will. She was simply borne towards the platform; borne as on a wave, a human wave!

She reached the platform; eager hands stretched down and pulled her up.

"Lift her! Lift her!" cried the Salvationist. "Lift her out of the Devil's grip; lift her up—towards heaven!"

She stood before him; a pale, pathetic figure. Poverty and cruelty had marked her face—and drink.

"I was only sayin'—" she mumbled.

"Kneel down!" His voice was a whisper now, but awful in its intensity.

"Kneel down!" She obeyed.

"Pray!"

"I can't—I 'aven't—I dun'no—"

The Salvationist spread out his hand and lifted his flaming eyes and prayed.

He prayed silently at first. Then in a whisper; then aloud; then he roared great fiery words towards the roof; bent down and hurled them at the crouching, trembling figure at his feet.

"Pray for this lost soul," he cried to the Army on the platform. "Pray for this lost soul," he cried to the multitude in the hall.

"Salvation! Salvation! Salvation Army! Ready! Present! Fire!

"Fire volleys of the Lord's words at Satan. Train your Maxim guns of prayer on him. Draw your swords, my brothers and sisters, and—Charge!"

A volume of prayer rent the air; an army of voices shook the roof.

The Salvationist raised his hands and silence came.

"That's frightened him!" He bent down and laid his hands on the woman's head. "He's flying away, my sister. He's being routed!

"Again, once again! A great, grand fusillade!"

And again the voices cried out. Rough voices of great bearded men from the dockyards; weak, shrill voices of women and girls. Hearty voices of the saved!

"I believe—I'm saved. I'll repent. I'm afraid," wailed the woman.

"She believes! She's saved! She repents!" cried the Salvationist. "Victory is ours! We have won for the Lord! But victory must be sure.

"Sing. Raise your voices! Whilst I kneel beside our sister and pray with her, let one of you sing—the song of victory!"

He dropped on to his knees. The band stirred, a lifting, lilting hymn tune echoed softly, as if afraid lest it broke the spell.

But no one sang.

"Sing!"

Then slowly, quietly, a girl stepped forward.

Her face was very white save for two burning spots of colour, save for her big bright eyes. Her fair hair fell around her face like a halo.

A subdued murmur greeted her appearance.

It was as if an angel had flown down from the skies.

The Salvationist looked up, and a wonderful smile parted his lips.

"Now, indeed, is victory assured," he whispered.

The girl began to sing. She caught the tune from the band, and the band played still more softly.

Her voice was like her face—angelic.

The first few notes stirred every heart until the heart's tears started to every eye.

Those beautiful tears that only flow when the heart finds greater happiness than it has learnt to bear.

"Come to Jesus; He is waiting—"

The little hymn she had learnt a week ago.

Simple words; hackneyed tune. Yet it was divine music that floated across the hall, and even found its way out into the ugly, grey street, and held the passer-by enthralled.

Right through she sang the verses—all. And the bandmen ceased to play; they, too, were forced to listen.

Then she waited; held out one hand, and the people knew what she wanted.

They sprang to their feet. She looked at the band. It burst forth bravely, and every voice rang its loudest and heartiest, whilst every heart beat time!

"COME TO JESUS; HE IS WAITING!"

"Victory!"

Victory, indeed; the victory of Lady Letty, Salvation lass. The victory of Christ over Satan!

Another soul saved. Another nail hammered home into the coffin of the scoffer.

"What d'you think of that?" sobbed Florrie Grey.

Lord Arthur blew his nose violently.

CHAPTER TWENTY. Letty's Spokesman.

"So, sir, I hear that you've found my precious daughter, eh?" roared the Duke of Marford. "What had she to say for herself, eh? Did you tell her I was ill in bed—very ill? I suppose she laughed; she always used to laugh when I had a touch of gout. I remember when she was ten years old she poked my foot with a stick—to see if it hurt me, and then she laughed.

"Well, where's she hiding? What's she doing? Out with it, Polestick; I can stand it. I can stand anything now!"

Lord Arthur stood at the foot of the bed and looked over the mountain of raised sheets that shielded the gouty feet of the unhappy Duke.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you where she is," he blurted.

"What?" The Duke tried to raise himself, but fell back with a groan. "What? Say—say that again!"

Lord Arthur said it again.

For some seconds the Duke choked; the torrent of words he would speak seemed to stick in his throat.

"So—so—" he spluttered at last, feeling by his bedside for his stick and shaking it in Lord Arthur's face.

"So—you're in league with her. You're—you're—helping to hide her. Perhaps you persuaded her to run away, eh? By Jove, sir, perhaps you ran away with her! Perhaps you're in love with her!"

The Duke had raised his voice to an alarming extent.

The bedroom door opened and the immaculate Boles appeared.

"Did your Grace call?"

The Duke of Marford turned and glared at his servant with bloodshot eyes; then he raised his stick and aimed a blow at the valet, which the latter avoided by stepping quietly back.

"I beg your Grace's pardon, I thought you called me," he said imperturbably, gliding silently out of the room.

"Now then, sir, what have you got to say?" the Duke cried, turning his eyes on Lord Arthur.

The latter had grown very red at the Duke's last outburst; but whatever his feelings were he controlled them, and remained dumb.

"Well, can't you speak? I suppose you are going to tell me that you've fallen in love with Letty! You're going to make a formal proposal for her hand, eh?"

Lord Arthur's face grew scarlet, but the Duke's rage blinded him and he did not notice the effect of his words.

"No, I had no intention of offering my hand to Lady Letty or of asking your permission to do so. I came at the Duchess of Marford's request to acquaint you with the message your daughter sent you through me."

"What is it?"

The Duke lay back and closed his eyes; he was suffering more in his foot than in his heart, though.

"She will return home Thursday morning—"

The Duke of Marford opened his eyes and repeated softly, "she will return home on Thursday morning!"

Then, bitterly,

"How very gracious! I suppose there are conditions?"

"Only one. She will return Thursday morning, accompany the Duchess to the Drawing-Room in the evening, and next day she will go back to—to her work."

"Oh, will she?" The Duke laughed harshly, and then swore, as his foot gave him a nasty twinge.

"I've had the infernal thing baked twice," he groaned.

"It's going to be baked again this afternoon. I'm having an awful time, Polestick! What with the gout and Letty, confound it, life's not worth living!"

"What answer am I to take to Lady Letty? Will you write her a letter?"

"No answer. If you see her tell her we shall expect her on Thursday. Tell her I'll—I'll forgive her if she behaves herself in future."

"I fear you don't understand. She only promises to return on Thursday if you on your part promise not to attempt to detain her at home; not to interfere with her freedom in any way."

"Indeed!" The Duke laughed loudly; unpleasantly.

"Indeed! Since when has it been the fashion for daughters to dictate to their parents? Since when have you become a—a—lawyer and private detective and—and busy-body rolled into one, sir?"

"Tell my daughter—tell her—"

Lord Arthur waited for the message, but it did not come.

The Duke's face grew purple. He raised himself on his elbows and pointed to the door with his stick.

"Go, sir! Go; d'ye hear? Go, before I—"

"Then, I'm to tell her—"

"Nothing! If she has anything to say to me let her come here and say it herself." His stick still pointed to the door. The hand that held it trembled with passion.

"Go," he chortled. "Go, sir!"

Lord Arthur walked out of the room.

The Duchess was waiting for him in the hall.

"Well, what is the result?" she whispered, drawing him into the library. "Oh, I know! I heard his voice; the whole house must have heard. I'm so sorry, Lord Arthur. You'll forgive us? Don't go, don't tell me anything. Sit down; let me ring for a whisky and soda."

"I'll light a cigar if I may," Lord Arthur said slowly. His face was white and drawn.

"Of course he wouldn't listen to you!"

"He listened. Then he told me to go."

"You won't go," pleaded the Duchess. "We rely entirely on you, Lord Arthur. Remember Letty's happiness, her safety, her very life are in your hands."

"She is quite safe, and I think happy at present. I am thinking of you; of Thursday."

"Wait until Richard has seen the doctor; until he has had his foot baked again. He will be better then; he will listen to reason. I'll reason with him myself. You won't go until you've seen him again, will you?"

"I'll do whatever you wish," Lord Arthur replied.

The Duchess fell on his neck and wept—metaphorically! (Another instalment of this story next week.)

BRIGHT NEW CONTEST.

Complete in itself this Week.

1st PRIZE, £10. 5 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.
50 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

The task set competitors is to read carefully through this page and page 680 and discover the number of times the printed letter "a" appears.

As you find the letter "a," put an ink line underneath it. When you have finished, write the number of "a's" in the space provided in the coupon below, together with your name and address. Each coupon must also be signed, in the space shown, by a witness who is not a reader of *Pearson's Weekly* and who does not reside in the same house as yourself. Then tear out the whole page, put it in an envelope, and send it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., writing the word "Search" in the top left hand corner.

To the competitor from whom the Editor receives the page containing the greatest number of "a's" marked a prize of £10 will be awarded. Each of the next best five will receive a prize of £1, and each of the next best fifty Consolation Gifts. No competitor may receive more than one prize. In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

The published decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

The closing time is first post Tuesday, February 7th.

LETTER FINDING COMPETITION.—No. 4.

Number of "a's".....

Name

Address.....

.....

Name of Witness

Address

Don't cut out the coupon. Tear out the whole page.
ANOTHER COMPETITION WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK.

Have you seen the two new songs of PEARSON'S 6d. MUSIC—"Mopaa" and "A Whisper of Love"?
Two splendid songs, 6d. each.

KINGDOMS FOR SALE.

How a Millionaire Might Become a Monarch.

For some time past, writers in the serious Dutch monthly reviews have been discussing the value to Holland of her colonial possessions.

These possessions comprise Java, parts of Sumatra, Celebes and Borneo, Bali, Lombok, part of the Moluccas (or Spice Islands), Curacao, Dutch Guiana (Surinam), and many other islands in the East and West Indies. They cover an area sixty-four times as large as Holland itself.

The question is: Are these colonies, or most of them, more trouble than they are worth?

Of course, opinion is divided on this question as it is on all others, but there appears to be a growing feeling that the majority of the colonies are doubtful blessings to Holland, draining her of resources which she cannot afford.

Further, the government of some of those places leaves something to be desired. Therefore, the suggestion is made that they should be sold.

The idea is that one of the Great Powers would buy them, but this is doubtful, and the probability is that a good price offered by a millionaire would purchase enough territory to make a fine kingdom, and that the whole of the colonial possessions of the Netherlands could be disposed of in lots.

Here is a magnificent opportunity for the man overburdened with wealth; he could create a dynasty with very little trouble.

The territories mentioned are, as a rule, fertile, and would produce a huge revenue if properly looked after. The cost of government would be greatly reduced if matters were taken in hand in a business-like fashion by a man who intended to look after things on the spot. The native neighbouring races would be friendly, while the subjects of the new king would understand well enough the advantages of proper government under a white man.

At first, he might be regarded as a crank, but he could go steadily on with his scheme, and in the course of ten years the countries of the world would awaken to the fact that they must take the new king and his kingdom very seriously indeed. Who'll buy?

"News," said Mr. Gayboy, "is what you tell about other people, while gossip is what other people tell about you."

"But what reason have you for thinking women have no aim in life?"

"Well, I have seen several of them try to throw stones."

GREAT MEN AS LAW-BREAKERS.

Sometimes Even Law-makers Offend.

It is no uncommon thing for His Majesty's judges to offend against the law. For instance, Mr. Justice Channell owns a yacht named *Xanthe*. When the bailiff of the Harwich Harbour went on board, he found a trawl net being used, which had much too small a mesh.

The bailiff reported this at a meeting of the East Coast Fishing Conservators.

Mr. Justice Channell afterwards wrote them a letter saying that he did not realise it was an offence against the bye-laws. This letter they thereupon accepted as sufficient punishment.

The Prime Minister, the Leader of the Assembly which makes our enactments, has several times offended against the laws of the country. He has had several "previous convictions" against him. This is on account of allowing his driver to exceed the legal speed while in his motor-car. The speed limit has caused great trouble to Mr. Balfour.

It is no common thing for a town to infringe its own bye-laws. Some little time ago, Mr. Holt, Deputy-Town Clerk of Leigh, enjoyed the unique distinction of appearing in the local police-court for both the prosecution and the defence.

The Electricity Committee of the Town Council had been summoned by the Health Committee of the Town Council for emitting black smoke from the chimney of the electricity works. This had been emitted for more than six minutes, and thereby constituted a nuisance, according to the bye-law. Here a fine of £5 and costs was imposed.

Towns which break the law by not providing a proper mortuary will soon have a very awkward punishment. The coroner, during an inquest held at Blackburn, pointed out that in 1907 all authorities would be compelled to provide mortuaries.

He states that those persons ought to remember that landlords of public-houses had the power to refuse to take in bodies.

If the landlord took this strong step the police would be entitled to leave the body on the doorstep of the overseers.

SMART MAN.

THE bride and bridegroom sat side by side. "Dearest," he said, looking up into her eyes, for he was smaller, so that he really and truly looked up and into her eyes.

"Yes, love?" she responded, in soft, frightened, mouse tones.

"If I had known that tunnel was so long I would have kissed you."

"Didn't you kiss me?" she asked, with much surprise.

"No," he replied.

"Well, somebody did."

"Yes," said the first actress. "I've got a lovely new play for this season."

"What is it?" asked the other.

"A society drama in four acts and five new gowns."

"I thought," said the victim indignantly, "that you were a painless dentist."

"I am," replied the smiling operator; "I do not suffer the slightest pain."

FARMER: "Well, George, I haven't seen you on that there bicycle as you bought lately."

George: "No, farmer. He bean't no good to I. He can't find his way 'ome, an' he won't carry cider!"

VOICES OF THE EVENTIDE.

Telling of the Thoughts the Hours of Darkness Bring.

When the tired world is resting,
And the gentle stars look down,
Shedding all their peaceful glory
Over countryside and town;
Then, while all is hushed around me,
Soft as swell of ocean wide,
Come, upon the sighing breezes,
Voices of the eventide.

Many tones there blend together,
Some from far-off long-ago;
Voices that have long been silent,
Yet can ne'er forgotten grow;
Faces there look down upon me
That the grave can never hide—
Messengers of peace and comfort,
Voices of the eventide.

Friends that o'er the world are roaming,
Close beside me then appear;
All the day's despair and sorrow
Fly before their words of cheer;
With the loved ones gone before me
In the spirit I abide;
Wait to them my sweet remembrance,
Voices of the eventide.

Father, in Thy gracious mercy,
When the daylight slowly dies,
Speak to me, in gentle accents,
Of Thy life beyond the skies.
When all earthly things are closing,
Through the open casement glide;
Bring me still Thy word of comfort,
Voices of the eventide.

"Isn't it painful to think that the Chinese spend more than half their earnings in gambling?"

"What's so painful about that? Other Chinese win it."

"They married for love, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Are they happy?"

"They don't know yet. They are waiting to see what her father is going to do for them."

AUNT MARY: "Nora, you're a cruel child. Let that cat go at once."

Nora (banging the cat): "But she's been naughty, aunty, and I'm punishin' her. I told her it was for her own good, an' it hurt me mor'n it hurt her."

ON ACCOUNT.

It happened some little time ago, in a Dublin tram-car. The hour was late, and most of the passengers, from one cause or another, were in a dozing condition.

Presently a coin rattled with a sharp click on the floor, and every occupant of the tram was instantly wide awake. One elderly gentleman leaned down, and, with a twinkling eye, picked up a coin.

"Did anyone drop a sovereign?" he asked, looking round him. There was a hurried searching of pockets down both sides of the car, and then, and in one breath, half a dozen persons exclaimed:

"I did."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, holding out his hand, "here's a halfpenny of it, anyhow."

"BUZZARDS" OF THE THAMES.

They are not Birds, but Naval Volunteers.

DURING most of the hours of daylight, just at present, there is no quieter craft on the Thames than H.M.S. *Buzzard*, the training ship of the officers and men of the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Each Volunteer, the first time he steps aboard for his two weeks' training, gives his name and section to the quartermaster, states at what hour he must go ashore each morning, and the exact time when he can put in an appearance each evening.

Then he dons his working rig, and is a "handy man" without more ado. He is, in fact, a City worker by day, and a handy man at night.

At eight o'clock breakfast is served, at a cost of fourpence to the eater thereof, after which the crew disperses to its regular daily work, whatever it may be, until evening comes round again.

Such is the ordinary routine of a *Buzzard* Naval Volunteer while up for training. But this is not the whole of his connection with the ship.

He has to come aboard at other times, during certain stated periods, to learn gun drill.

In order to enable him to do this properly and efficiently, the taut-like sloop has been fitted with quite a formidable armament, consisting of one 6-in. gun, one 5-in. ditto, three quick-firers, and one maxim.

With all these he practices in turn, using, of course, dummy cartridges, until he is as familiar with all their intricate and complicated mechanism as a watchmaker is with the works of a watch.

But even then his education in this particular direction is very far from being deemed complete.

He must learn all about other types of guns, and he must perfect himself in rifle drill; and to these ends, accordingly, he is sent to the West India Docks, and on board the Royal Naval Reserve drill-ship *President*, where other instructors take him in hand.

The *Buzzard*, for the present, constitutes the one and only training-ship devoted exclusively to the use of British Naval Volunteers, but the Admiralty is shortly about to place another similar ship, the *Melita*, at the disposal of the Mersey Division of the R.N.V.R.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: "My father is an officer; what does yours do?"

Second Little Girl: "Whatever mamma tells him."

SIGHTSEER: "Do you ever weary of your duties here?"

Policeman: "Yes, sir, especially when people come round asking foolish questions."

SOME CURIOUS FINDS.

Have You Found Anything as Remarkable?

A SCARBOROUGH gentleman was surprised recently to find thirty-eight pins in his breakfast egg, and most other people would have been surprised, too, under the circumstances. There ought to be a collection of miraculous eggs somewhere. It was only two years ago since a hen laid an egg at Bedford with a penny in it. There is no doubt at all as to the fact, but the question, "How did the penny get into the egg?" has never been quite satisfactorily settled.

A companion puzzle is afforded by a market gardener, well known at Spitalfields Market, who once lost and found a half-crown under almost incredible circumstances. He was inspecting his crops, when he dropped the half-crown on the ground, and though he searched long and diligently, he searched in vain. A year passed, and the incident was being forgotten, when, as he was selecting some potatoes for the market, Mr. Smith came across one of a very curious shape. Cutting it open to discover the cause of its eccentricity, the gardener found inside it the half-crown piece he had lost twelve months before. The potato was seen by hundreds of people, and the truth of the story is well vouched for.

Remarkable as they are, there is nothing unique in these cases. One of the romances of money-making is the story of a man who found a newspaper inside a shark when fishing in Australia in 1870, and who learned the news of the Franco-German war in this way early enough to make a fortune out of it. The story may be true or not; everybody in Australia knows it.

Another after the same kind is that of the Milford Haven trawler which, while fishing off Carlingford Lough a year or two ago, caught up in the net a packet of papers, tied together with red tape and carefully sealed. The skipper of the boat handed the documents to a lawyer, and it was found they were a missing link which stood between a woman and her fortune.

They proved the right of a Miss Macdonald to certain estates in Ireland, which she had claimed ten years before, but which she had failed to win because the will could not be produced. It was this will which was brought up from the sea.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

SOME DAINY DISHES.

To Steam Bacon is an excellent way of cooking it. No waste then takes place, and the flavour is preserved, while the bacon is much more tender, as it cannot be cooked too quickly. For a piece of bacon weighing four pounds, allow one hour and three-quarters. (Reply to ELDORA.)

Egg Toast for an invalid. Prepare French toast, which is made by toasting a piece of bread on one side only, and buttering it whilst hot on the side that is not toasted. Over this spread a well-beaten egg, nicely seasoned with pepper and salt. Heat this before the fire, and serve very hot. Scatter chopped parsley over.

Pig's Feet Fried in Batter. Soak the feet for a few hours, then boil them till quite tender, which will take about four hours. Beat up an egg with a gill and a half of milk, add gradually a heaped tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt. Cut the feet into neat pieces, dip them in the batter, and fry in deep boiling fat till a golden colour. Drain very dry and serve hot.

Aislet, so popular at this season, is made as follows: Take a neck of pork, remove the meat from it and free it of all skin and gristle, then season all highly with powdered sage, pepper, and salt. Take part of the "apron" or marbled skin sold with pig's fry, wrap the seasoned meat in this, sew it up carefully and bake steadily till brown. About one pound of pork is put into each aislet, and it is always served cold.

To Make Good Soup. Cook meat, bone, and vegetables with sufficient water to cover, long and slowly. Take away all fat from the meat and bones, and bring the soup quickly to the boil at first, skim well, then let it simmer all day. At night the soup should be poured through a fine colander into a bowl. Save the bones till you see if they are needed for a second boiling, either in the stock or more water. (Reply to DAVOS.)

For Celery Sauce. The white part of two sticks of celery is used. Cut them small, wash with cold water, and put in a saucepan with one pint each of white stock and new milk. Bring to the boil, skim, add a little salt; cover and let simmer gently for two and a half hours. In another pan blend two ounces each of butter and flour; let them cook without browning. Add the celery and liquor to it and stir till it boils. Then pass through a hair sieve, return it to the pan, add some cream and cayenne, and warm it for use. (Reply to MARYAN.)

To Serve Oysters Cooked so as to preserve the natural flavour, proceed as follows:—Wash and scrub the shells and place in a pan, with the round side downwards to hold the juice, and cook in a hot oven from ten to twenty minutes. When the shells open one knows that the oysters are cooked. Take away the upper shell, season the oyster in its shell with butter, pepper, salt, and lemon juice. Serve as quickly as possible, with them brown bread and butter. This recipe will, I hope, serve your purpose, as it is so simple. (Reply to BLACKBURN.)

To Have Really Good Coffee. Take a glass bottle to your grocer the day it is being roasted; get what you require and keep it tightly corked. To make one and a half pints of good coffee, take a small saucepan, put the water required into it, and bring it to the boil. Add one ounce of finely-ground coffee, stir in quickly. Take the pan off the fire, put on the cover, and let the pan stand in a warm place for five minutes. Then pour off carefully through a flannel strainer. The grits should all sink to the bottom of the pan, and the coffee be very clear. (Thanks to CORRESPONDENT.)

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Window Plants such as geraniums, fuchsias, etc., will bloom freely if a few drops of ammonia be added to a panful of rain water once a week.

Always Dry Dusters thoroughly before commencing to polish furniture. In this way a good polish is secured with very little rubbing. Some people use hot dusters for this purpose.

How to Extinguish Fire in a Chimney. Throw powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then place a board or something in front of the fireplace to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapour of the brimstone ascending the chimney will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire. (Reply to X.Y.Z.)

To Prevent Steel Rusting shake over it unslacked lime and rub with a scouring flannel.

Shirt Fronts Blister when starched because the polishing iron is not used sufficiently firm with even pressure.

A Porcelain Sink can be very quickly cleaned with paraffin. A very small quantity will thoroughly clean a large sink, which will require washing with hot soda water afterwards.

Encourage Children to Eat Porridge. oatmeal contains lime, which is necessary for hardening their bones. Milk also is excellent food for children, containing the salts necessary to keep the blood healthy.

Creaking Doors and Locks are an abomination; and to prevent this regularly oil your door hinges and locks at least once a year. I always begin the year by going over the house with a small oil-can and so grease the wheels of my household.

For Polishing Silver Very Cheaply I know of nothing better than finely-powdered and sifted whiting moistened with a little methylated spirit or ammonia. Rub this mixture on to the silver with a piece of rag, let it stand a little while, and then polish with a chamois leather.

To Remove Traces of Petroleum from either vessels or materials try limewater, which rapidly emulsifies it and effectively removes all trace of smell. Vessels that have contained petroleum will be speedily cleared and rendered odourless if washed out with water and a little lime. (Reply to DENBY READER.)

On Preparing a Ball-room Floor. Scatter boracic acid powder over the boards after they have been washed and are quite dry. Then work the powder well, taking great care not to scatter the powder too thickly. I have often found, too, that washing over the floor with a little skim milk produces a good surface for dancing. (Reply to X.3.)

Lip Salve. Take four ounces of sweet almond oil, two ounces prepared mutton suet, three quarters of an ounce of white wax, one ounce of spermaceti, and ten drops of otto of roses; steep a small quantity of alkanet root in the oil and strain before using. Melt the suet, wax, and spermaceti together, then add the oil and otto of roses. Colour with a few drops of carmine if liked. (Reply to ORIENT.)

To Use up Small Coal. Coal balls, made as follows, burn famously, and can even be used for lighting a fire when coal is scarce. Where clay can be obtained, make the coal dust into balls about the size of oranges, with half its bulk of clay. These after being dried will burn with an intense heat, not alone, but placed with lumps of coal on an ordinary fire. Where clay is not obtainable, the coal dust can be worked into balls with just enough paraffin or other mineral oil to make them hold together. These are ready for immediate use and should be squeezed together well when made. (Reply to MARY F.)

"I NEVER KNEW A PERFECT BEAUTY."

"THE only perfectly beautiful woman," said a well-known sculptor, "must have been a goddess. I never saw a perfectly beautiful woman in my life, nor even heard of the existence of one."

"As for Cleopatra, a learned Englishman has discovered in some ancient gossip written on papyrus that she had the foxy-red hair and the freckled skin of all the Ptolemy family, and was obliged to resort to hair dyes and cosmetics to keep up her reputation for looks."

"But perhaps the severest shock to the feelings is to learn that Mary Queen of Scots actually squinted, and that Mme. du Barry wore a set of false teeth."

CHARACTER IN THE HAIR.

WOMEN who are the possessors of fine black hair are emotional and of very sensitive nerves. Coarse black hair is said to denote great energy, but an unenviable disposition.

Women who have brown hair make the best wives, for they are almost invariably full of sentiment, impassioned, "high strung," loyal, and easily affected.

Red-haired people are nearly always keen in business transactions, quick of perception, high tempered, and witty. The woman who has blonde hair is impulsive and loving, but usually fickle, although an agreeable companion.

Persons with naturally curly hair are said to be possessed of more lovable and sweet natures than those with wavy or straight capillary adornment. On most occasions the fact that we are looking our best is a wonderful incentive to good behaviour, and the woman with natural curls can discount her straight-haired sister many a time and oft.

SELECTION BY SUPPING.

WHEN the parents of a young Russian decide that a certain young dameel would make him a suitable wife, they keep their own counsel, and one evening call unexpectedly at her home and stay for supper.

During the meal they watch her narrowly. If she eats fast, she will work quickly; if she goes neatly and cleanly about her plate, she will be a cleanly, tidy housewife; if she talks little, she will be obedient and dutiful to her husband; if she prefers rye bread to white, she will be satisfied with her lot; if she does not gaze and stare, she may be trusted not to pry into her husband's business; and if she proceeds to clear away and wash up after the meal, she will be thrifty and careful with his money.

DON'TS ABOUT JEWELLERY.

Don't wear a quantity of jewellery. Don't wear any jewels which do not harmonise with your dress.

Don't, in the evening, mix your jewels. If a gold necklet is worn, the earrings should correspond.

Don't, at such a time, wear anything except what is actually necessary to fasten collar, cuffs, or waistbelt.

Don't wear precious stones in the morning. Diamonds, emeralds, or any other kind are out of place at the breakfast table.

THE enamelled flower brooches, mounted on safety-pins, which are now being worn are charming for fastening bonnets or lace.

Don't be dissatisfied with your trinkets because they are not costly. Jewellery to be well worn need not be expensive, but must be chic.

Don't be troubled if you haven't any jewels at all; none is better than a lot.

WHO MAKES THE BEST HUSBAND?

GIRLS not out of their teens are apt to scorn the idea of marrying the quiet, staid young man, the fellow who plods along like a cart-horse, at the same pace every day. They prefer somebody whose brilliancy is shown in every word he utters.

It is just possible that the quiet young man will make the best husband in the world. Of course, he may be stubborn and stingy and unable to earn more than £3 a week. But, other things considered, he ought to make a reasonably good husband.

Then there is the other one who rides a hobby. He is either an adorable husband or a perfect nuisance. It all depends on the wife's point of view.

Some women like to see their husbands around the house as much as possible. Others prefer that he attend to the large affairs of life, and keep out of the way at home as much as possible.

For the former there is the amateur carpenter, who makes odd bits of furniture; the lover of flowers, who is never so happy as when digging in the garden with Amelia near by to see how expert he is with hoe and spade; and the book-lover, whose library is his favourite sport.

Of the hobbyists the lover of books is the one likely to find the least favour in a wife's eyes, unless she shares his tastes. For the books shut him off in a world of his own—one she may not enter unless she be a kindred spirit.

Then there is the homely young man. He is likely to make a very good husband. Should he chance to marry a pretty girl he will be so grateful to her for noticing him that he is likely to be her slave and admirer for life, ready to gratify her every whim.

FOR LOVERS OF NATURE.

THERE is nothing like gardening for teaching patience, and there are very few people in the world who do not love flowers, whether growing in the garden or shedding sweet fragrance within doors.

There are many useful hints for the amateur gardener given in this week's issue of HOME NOTES, and those who take a pride in this kind of work should make a point of reading them. There are also many practical hints on cooking and dressmaking, etc., and the article on how to make a writing bureau for the small sum of a few shillings will be of great interest to our readers who go in for carpentering. For those who are fond of doing crochet work there are directions with illustration for making a pretty wrap in the Plume design. A paper pattern of an infant's pelisse is given away with every copy, price one penny. Published on Friday.



Scobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1905.	1905. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	PEARSON'S SIXPENNY NOVELS are the best and may be easily recognised by their attractive yellow covers. Latest Edition...
Good Friday . . . April 21.	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23	CAPTAIN KETTLE, K.C.B. The Last Adventures of Captain Kettle. The reader of fiction who has not made the acquaintance of Mr. Hynes's fascinating Sea Captain is to be pitied.—Daily Telegraph. At all Railway Bookstalls, Booksellers', or post free for 8d. from G. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, W.C.
Easter Monday . . . April 24.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	
Whit Sun Monday . . . June 12.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	
Bank Holiday . . . August 7.	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	
Christmas Day . . . December 25.	F 6 13 20 27	F 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 7 14 21 28	S 10 17 24 31	S 8 15 22 29	

HALE AND HEARTY AT 77.

Mr. Wm. Eldridge lives at 10 Albert Street, Ryde, I.W. We give here the facts of his cure by Doan's backache kidney pills, as told to us by Mr. Eldridge in his own simple way:

"I shouldn't be living to-day if I hadn't begun with Doan's backache kidney pills when I did. No words of mine can express my thankfulness.

"It was only a few years ago that I was taken with kidney trouble; until then I'd enjoyed good health,



MR. ELDRIDGE.
(77 years of age.)

But one day I was taken with such violent pains in my back and loins that I couldn't help crying out. After that I had to go about doubled up—I couldn't have straightened myself to save my life. But now I doubt if there's a man of my age (I'm 77 come September) on the Island who stands more upright than myself. I can walk up Union Street Hill (known to be one of the steepest streets in the British Isles) without using a stick. I've been well, like this, for the last 3½ years—ever since my cure by Doan's wonderful pills.

"But my illness didn't end with those awful backaches; they were only the beginning. For before long my body swelled, and—worse still—there were urinary dis-

orders and stricture. I suffered agonies, too, with cramp in the limbs.

"I got so thoroughly done at last with the constant and cruel suffering that for three days and three nights at a time I didn't know a soul, and couldn't remember a thing.

"I was like this three times, and I thought it was all up with me. It was after the third attack that my grandson brought me some of Doan's backache kidney pills to try. I began with the pills, and by the time the first box was finished I felt a good deal better. 'I do believe these pills are doing me good!' I thought joyfully, and I kept on with the medicine. After a week or two I had improved so that I didn't need to use the catheter; my back, too, was stronger, and I felt braced up wonderfully. It wasn't long then before I was quite free from any sign of kidney trouble; and although 3½ years have passed since, I'm still very well. I feel years younger than before I began with Doan's backache kidney pills, and I can get about splendidly. My sight, too, is grand; I never have to use glasses now, and that's more than many folk of 77 can say!"

RINGING ADVICE OF A MAN OF 80.

March 12th, 1900. Mr. S. Asquith, living at 18 Horncastle Street, Cleckheaton, said on this date: "I'm over 80 years old, and I am sure you will be glad to know what relief and comfort your Doan's backache kidney pills have brought me. I don't know what I should have done without them, for nothing has ever helped me like Doan's pills have.

"Some years ago I strained myself, and ever since then the least cold or chill has flown to my kidneys, bringing on great pain in the back and side, especially when I stooped. The pain would catch me just like a knife-thrust; there were also distressing urinary troubles, and I couldn't keep my food down. I was especially weak and bad in the mornings.

"My doctor told me I had lumbago, but his treatment failed to relieve me, and I was ill right up to the time I began using Doan's backache kidney pills. (Signed) Sam Asquith."

On November 1st, 1904—over 4½ years later—Mr. Asquith wrote: "I am sending you my photograph, and I want to say again, now that I am writing to you, what a great comfort your Doan's backache kidney pills have been to me in my old age—I am 85 years old. I should not like to be without Doan's pills, and I advise others to try them. Yours faithfully (Signed) Samuel Asquith."

After middle age, the kidneys (which have been at their great blood-purifying work ever since you were born, with never a moment's rest) begin to weary, and they cannot keep up with their work. As a result, uric

acid and urea begin to accumulate in the system, causing such kidney troubles as backache, neuralgia, nervousness, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, dropsy,



MR. ASQUITH.
(85 years of age.)

gravel, stone, urinary disorders, etc. By the occasional use of Doan's backache kidney pills, the special kidney and bladder medicine, those who are getting on in years may protect themselves against kidney and bladder diseases. It is advisable to keep a box of Doan's pills in the house always, for—"Keep your kidneys well, and they will keep you well."

Doan's backache kidney pills are two shillings and ninepence a box (six boxes for thirteen shillings and ninepence). They cannot be bought loose, but only in 2/9 boxes, which may be had of all chemists and stores, or direct from the proprietors, the Foster McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



ANÆMIA CURED

Miss Nellie Mitchell is Strong and Well To-day. Dread Weakness Driven away by Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets.

This is a letter that many a suffering girl will read with earnestness and understanding. It is a word of gratitude from a girl who knows that she owes her escape from Anæmia's grip to Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets.

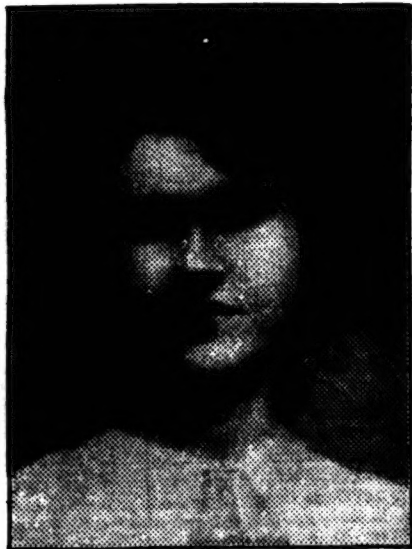
178 Aakew Road, Shepherd's Bush,
London, W.

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your Iron-Ox Tablets have truly benefited my health. I was very weak, felt tired all the time and seemed to have lost all interest in life. I suppose I was really suffering from Anæmia although I did not realise it at first. I was very pale and had quite lost my appetite. I began taking your Tablets about five weeks ago, and already I feel quite strong and well. Indeed, I feel four times as strong as I did before taking your Iron-Ox Tablets. I've quite a good colour now and my appetite has returned.

(Signed) NELLIE MITCHELL."

Thousands of women in home and shop, in factory, owe to Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets the new health, strength, and appetite of which Miss Nellie Mitchell here makes grateful acknowledgment. Think of the suffering and unhappiness that Miss Mitchell has been spared by timely use of Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets. What it means to her to have shaken the terrible grip of Anæmic Weakness. Of the new joy that has come into this girl's life since health has returned, she is rid of weakness and illness.

Let every weak and tired woman—let every girl who has lost her appetite and who is weak and weary—read this letter again and grasp its meaning. Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets will bring you health and strength. They will strengthen and purify your blood. They will give you strong nerves. They will bring sound sleep and good appetite. They will give you back the colour which you have lost. Won't you try?



MISS NELLIE MITCHELL.

Twenty Aluminium Pocket Packet of 50 Tonic Tablets for 1/-. If your chemist has not got them they will be sent post free for 1/- by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co. Ltd., 20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.



PEARSON'S

Beautiful Coloured

Miniatures

MAKE

A Charming Present for Husband,
Brother, Wife, Sister, or Friend.

1/6 Life-like Permanent Portraits, Neatly mounted in the form of **1/6**
PENDANTS, BROOCHES, PINS, or BANGLE CHARMS.

These tiny portraits are really wonderful reproductions of the minutest art; in addition to giving a faithful and vivid likeness, they are coloured with such realism and so naturally that one can see the originals as they actually appear in real life. Everyone who has seen these miniatures is charmed with the marvellous precision and skill displayed. Most photographs, however faithful, are so cold that they only convey a dim impression of the original. These miniatures now make it possible for us to have a living, speaking likeness of those we have known and whose memory we cherish, and in a form which will allow us to always have them with us. Any photograph can be reproduced, and will be returned to the sender unharmed. Be sure to send a trial order. We know you will be pleased. Money will be returned if not satisfied.

Send Postal Order for 1/6 for each Miniature, and 2d. in Stamps for Postage.

Name
Address
State Pendant, Pin, Brooch, or Bangle Charm
Colour of Hair, dark or light
Complexion, pale or florid
Colour of Eyes

These Miniatures can also be supplied in Rolled Gold mounts at 2/6 each, with 2d. extra for postage.
Cut out Coupon.
ADDRESS "MINIATURE" (Dept. 56),
C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.
Call and see Pearson's Beautiful Coloured Miniatures for yourself.

A Penknife for Your Thoughts



I AM pleased to be able to say that the committee of experts responsible for deciding the Physical Exercise

Contest, in which a prize of a hundred guineas was offered, are nearing the completion of their work, and have promised to send me the name of the winner in time for publication in next week's issue of *Pearson's Weekly*.

SOME would-be competitors in our new Quick Result Competitions have written to ask that the closing date might be extended, so as to enable them to have more time. This I would gladly do, but to extend it even a day would mean that it would be impossible to get the result in the paper until seven days later. Even with the present early closing date, it was impossible for me to get the attempts in the first competition checked in time for publication in the issue of *P.W.* I had promised. This was to be accounted for by the fact that although I had anticipated a large number of entries, and had made preparations accordingly, the actual number so far exceeded my expectations that, despite the efforts made by the staff, it was quite impossible to get through even half the attempts before the paper went to press. I have, however, now doubled the staff of checkers, and made arrangements that will in future enable me to get the results in, I hope, regularly every week.

I HAVE just heard the sad news of the death of Mr. G. H. Boughton, the well-known artist. Readers will remember that a few weeks ago he contributed an excellent article to *Pearson's Weekly* on the question, "Are Englishwomen Losing their Figures?" an article which caused a considerable amount of comment.

THE marvels of modern surgery which one reads about in newspapers seems to give certain unthinking people an altogether exaggerated impression of what can actually be done. A MEDICAL READER, for example, sends me the following story of a recent experience: "An old lady, dressed in all her best Sunday clothes, came up from the country the other day to consult me. In her childhood she had had the index finger of her right hand amputated. The object of her visit was to get me to replace the lost digit. When I informed her that that was a little beyond me, she exclaimed: 'Well, I am disappointed, sir; and they told me you was a clever man!'"

I AM continually receiving suggestions for competitions from ingenious readers, but, alas, few of them are practicable. The chief reason for rejecting them is on the score of their illegality. For example, I have before me a letter from a Carlisle reader, in which he suggests that a watch should be wound up and placed in a safe, and that readers should be invited to send in on coupons the time at which they think the watch will stop. This, of course, is quite a clever idea, but it is a guessing competition, and is, therefore, a lottery, and any contest which is a lottery is prohibited by law. Will readers kindly bear in mind this fact when they are thinking out ideas for prize contests? The other sort of competition (which, although ingenious, is impracticable), is that in which so much research is required as to make it unlikely that more than a few hundreds of readers would enter. A favourite type of task suggested is to publish quotations from well-known novels, and offer prizes to those readers who locate the source of each one. The objection to this is obvious. Either a competitor is going to set himself to work and discover every source, in which case he will be perfectly correct, or he will not trouble to discover any at all. The work entailed would be so laborious as to discourage the majority of readers, and the few who entered would all be right. What we want, and what we are willing to pay for, are bright, new, fresh ideas for simple contests, the decision of which hangs on skill. Have you any ideas of this sort?

RESULT OF THE "PAIR" COMPETITION.

A GOLD-PLATED PENCIL-CASE has been sent to:—
R. Crosbie, 21 Dixon Road, Glasgow; J. Parker, 125 Carbrook Street, Sheffield; E. Jones, 4 Railway Terrace, Ruthin; F. Stanway, Monument House, Gloucester; J. Longley, Woodcut Estate, Wrexham, Farnham; T. James, 30 Howard Terrace, Clyde Vale, Rhondda Valley; J. Lowe, 84 Broadalbank Street, Glasgow; Miss S. Moore, Rose Cottage, Hillsboro, Co. Down; A. Bome, 65 Victoria Road, Bedford; A. Henderson, Girtledge Mill, Drybridge Station, Irvine, Ayrshire; W. Branch, Warrington Road, Ipswich; C. A. Whitmore, 54 Summerfield Street, Lee, S.E.; P. Sanders, Bittford, Ivybridge; F. Kennett, 16 Howard Road, South Norwood; Master E. Darling, 11 Syriam Terrace, Springfield, Glasgow; J. Taylor, 434 Hemphaw Lane, Stockport; H. Adams, 56 Eakdale Road, Chesham; W. Dale, 12 Watson Street, Stoke-on-Trent; F. E. Jacob, 24 North Row, Warminster, Wilts; Miss Mitchell, 6 Haigh Terrace, Kingstown Co. Dublin; M. Monteath, 25 High Street, Tillicoultry; E. P. Wright, Highfield, Monkseaton, Whitley Bay, Northumberland; W. Emorie, 28 Herbert Street, New North Road, N.; W. Alkham, 40 Bright Street, Crews; H. Eaton, 37 Sutton Road, Walsall.

"MIDDLE" COMPETITIONS, Nos. 1 and 2.

I ALWAYS had a very high opinion of the ingenuity and patience of my readers, so far as competitions are concerned. But I must say that this opinion has risen tremendously since the advent of the first two Word Finding Contests, which appeared in recent numbers of *P.W.* In setting a competition, the main object of the Editor is to devise something which, while forming a pleasant amusement to readers, will at the same time result in one person winning the prize outright, or, at all events, in quite a few dividing the money between them. When I set the task of finding out the greatest number of words within words, and offered a £10 prize to the person who sent in the greatest number of such words, I said to myself: "This will be a poser for most of them, and I don't expect that more than one or two will be absolutely correct." Alas for the sublime optimism of your poor old Editor! On the closing day I viewed the twenty-eight large Post-Office sacks crammed with attempts with misgivings which were justified. After four days' labour, the chief of the competition checking department came to me and said that out of 32,000 competitors nearly half were absolutely correct. The second competition finished a few days later, and any hopes I may have had that this would have worked out better, were dashed to the ground by the announcement that the number of entries was even greater, and the proportion of correct competitors also greater.

The total cash prizes offered amounted to £15, and I spent many anxious minutes figuring out how much each competitor would get if the prizes were divided. The result was disheartening.

And, so, after all, with much regret, I am obliged to set the tying competitors in both these competitions fresh tasks; a method which, I am sure, everyone will admit is the only fair and satisfactory way of settling the matter.

The task set tying competitors in the Middle Competition No. 1, is as follows:

Make an anagram of the words: MIDDLE COMPETITION NUMBER ONE.

To make an anagram you have to form a sentence made up of the letters contained in the words above, using all such letters exactly as many times as they appear.

Write your attempt on the back of a post-card and address it to the "No. 1" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Tuesday morning, February 7th.

The first prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt the Editor considers to be the best, and the other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

For the winners in the Second Middle Competition competitors are asked to construct a sentence on the following lines. Each word of the sentence must begin with the letters COMPETITION in this order. [Example: Competitions Of Merit Provide Entertaining Tasks Interesting To Individuals Owning Notions.]

All attempts to be written on the back of a post-card, and sent to the "No. 2" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Wednesday morning, February 8th.

The first prize of £10 will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt the Editor considers to be the best, and the other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Next week I hope to be able to announce a competition in which the possibility of a huge number of tying competitors is considerably reduced. In these two cases, however, I am afraid that I am wholly to blame, for I have under-rated the smartness of my readers.

An announcement regarding the result of the Letter Juggling Competition will appear next week. It is very good of you, A. P., to suggest that when a large number of competitors tie in a competition, the prize should be handed over to the FRESH AIR FUND instead of a further competition being set. But I am afraid that this scheme would scarcely commend itself to the majority of readers. If a prize is offered in a competition, I am sure it is more satisfactory all round for the money to be paid out to the final winner. If he or she cares to send a portion of it back to the FRESH AIR FUND, well then, of course, the FRESH AIR FUND would be the gainer, and everyone would be happy.

R. C. noticed in a recent issue of *P.W.* the phrase, "I hope you twig," and as he has not yet twigged the origin of the word "twig," he would like me to enlighten him. Twig comes from the old Saxon word wit-an, which means to know, perceive. Of course, in those days, the poor Saxon person hadn't any idea of shortening words as we do in these strenuous times, so as to make them roll off the tongue. You can perceive that wit-an is much more difficult to pronounce than is twig. Well, in course of time wit-an became wit, but the concluding consonant "t" rather clogged the tongue instead of preparing it for the next word. We moderns discovered that, so we put the finishing touch, and made it a decent-looking word. The final "g" was ours, and besides making it short, sharp, bright and crisp, it is easy to pronounce, and looks well.

H. E. T. inquires: "Is it correct to say 'two table-spoonsful' or 'two tablespoonsfuls?'"
"Two tablespoonsful," H. E. T. Two refers to spoon, not ful, therefore we say two tablespoonsful. If two referred to ful, then, of course, we should say "table-spoonsfuls," but as it doesn't, you must go on saying "two tablespoonsful."

A SMART Glasgow reader sends me a post-card of his own design, which, although amateurishly drawn, contains a good idea. He suggests that I should offer a prize for the best original picture post-card which readers may care to send in. Although this may at first sight seem to resolve itself into a competition for artists only, I can assure my readers that, however badly drawn the picture may be, if it embodies a good idea, it shall have proper consideration in making the award. I therefore ask all readers to send along their best efforts in this direction, and I will give twenty-five pencil-cases to the twenty-five readers whose attempts I consider to be the best. Your post-card should be addressed to THE PICTURES POST-CARD EDITOR, and should arrive by first post Thursday morning, February 9th.

J. C. writes me a letter on the tipping system: "How is it," he asks, "that waiters, hall-porters, chamber-maids, and other such-like employees in hotels are tipped, while the office staff and those who work behind the scenes are solely dependent on their wages? Would it not be a much fairer arrangement if those parties who are inclined to tip, left the cash with the hotel manager, who could arrange for an even distribution among the employees? If this were so we should be spared the sight of a servant of the hotel waiting for a tip, as he would know that it would be handed to the proper quarter for mutual distribution among the employees."

Your argument seems sound, J. C., but the reply to the whole system is to be found in the last part of your own letter. If the waiter knew he would not get a tip for his politeness, or for some little act of courtesy he may perform, he would not be nearly so attentive as he is now. Consequently, customers would not be so well pleased, and business would become slack as a result. For this reason hotel managers are averse to the system being altered. After all, when a servant has done you some act of kindness you can't very well rush up to him and shake him warmly by the hand, and tell him how much you appreciate it; no, you must give him something.

£1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE. £100 CYCLING

487 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his or her possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription to *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newspaper, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry this paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the above notice to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent to the Corporation.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature
Available from 8 a.m. Thursday, February 2nd, 1905, until midnight, Friday, February 10th, 1905.

Printed by HENRY COX, DUNSTON BUILDING, E.C., and Published by G. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at PEARSON'S WEEKLY BUILDING, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

RECOGNISED CONNOISSEURS

of spirituous liquor—those whose views are beyond dispute—find in Dewar's Whisky all the essential characteristics of pure spirit matured by age.

DEWAR'S

The Ideal Stimulant

WHISKY

Possessing all the charm and the delicacy of superiority. A wholesome beverage justly bearing the name "Whisky of Distinction," since it nourishes naturally while pleasantly refreshing.

Recommended by Doctors

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

All communications respecting advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Office, MENAETHA STREET, LONDON, W.